

# CANDY

QUALITY  
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GROUP  
I.C.D.  
6

JUNE No.10

10¢



WELL, TED, YOU  
SAID YOU FELT AS  
**STRONG** AS A  
**HORSE!**





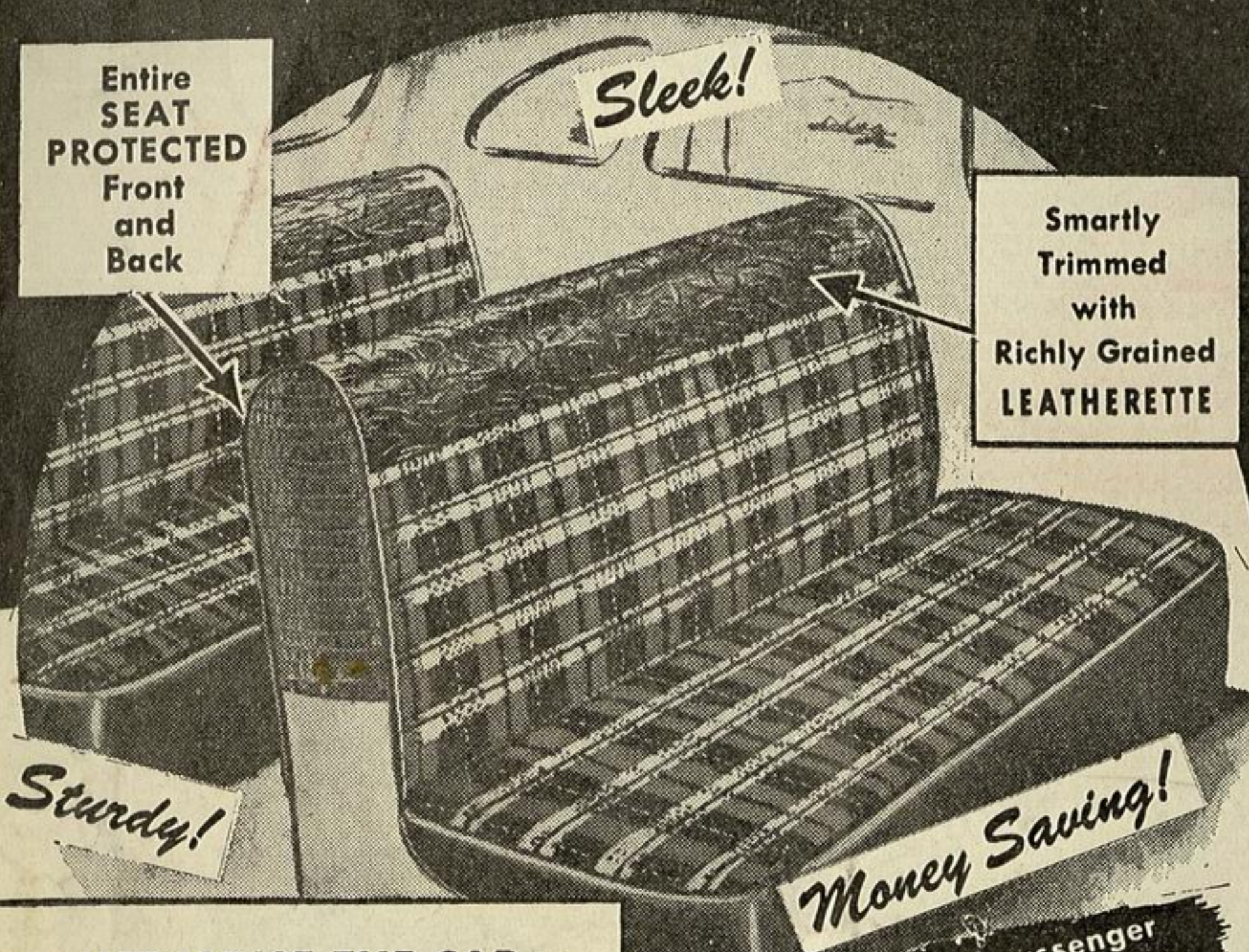
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(please print)

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# CANDY



BUYING UP 200 PRINCE CHARMING COSTUMES! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, SINDBAD!

BUT MR. EEKIN... IT WAS A GOOD DEAL, I TELL YOU! I GOT THEM FOR ALMOST NOTHING AT ALL!

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT *WE'LL* GET IF WE'RE STUCK WITH THEM! YOU'D BETTER THINK UP A SALES ANGLE FAST OR I'LL FIRE YOU ON THE SPOT!

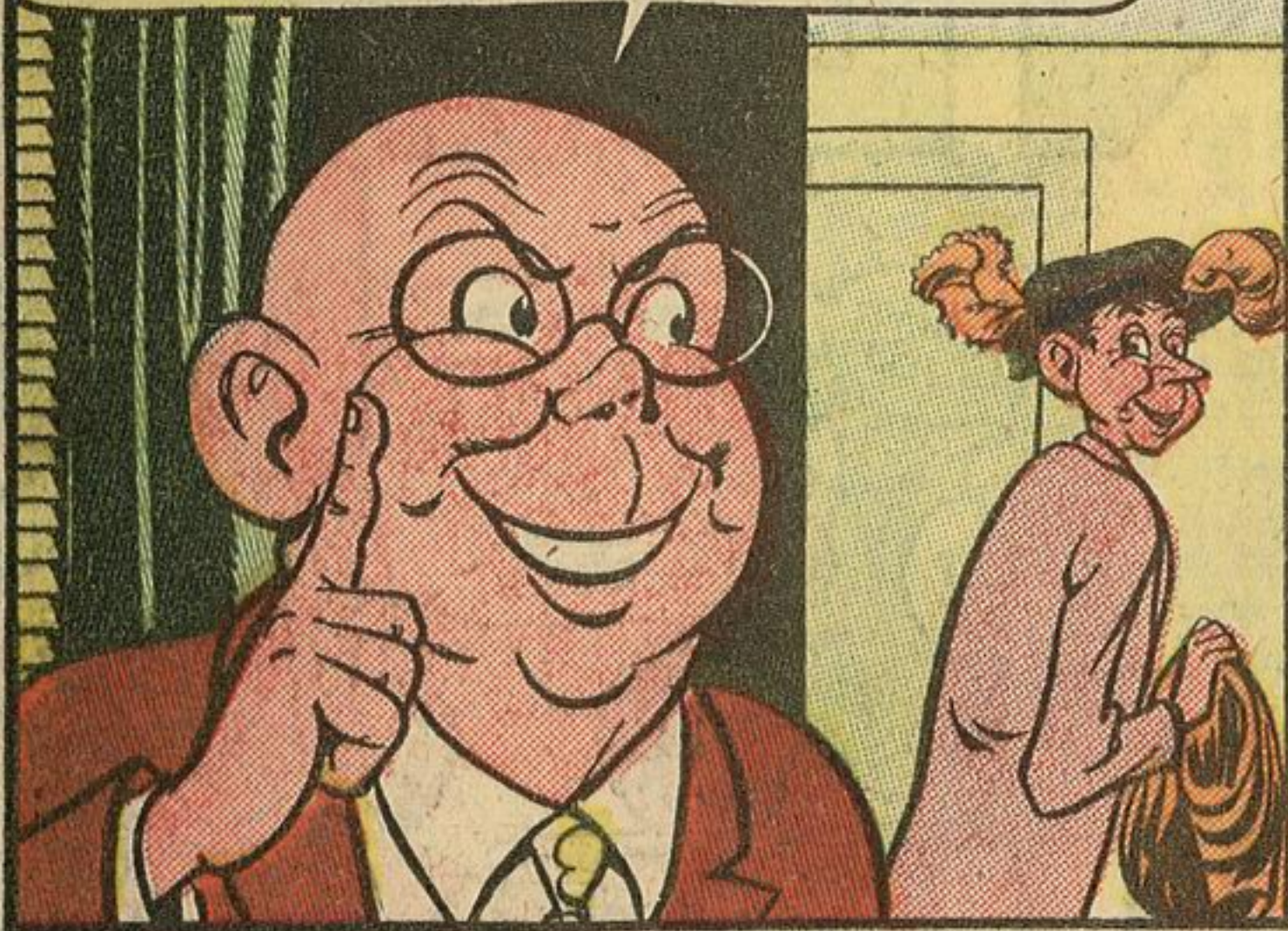
I HAVE IT! HOW ABOUT A CINDERELLA BALL FOR THE TEEN-AGERS? ALL THE GIRLS COULD DRESS AS CINDERELLA AND THE BOYS AS PRINCE CHARMING!

EEKIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

I-I-I AM THINKING!

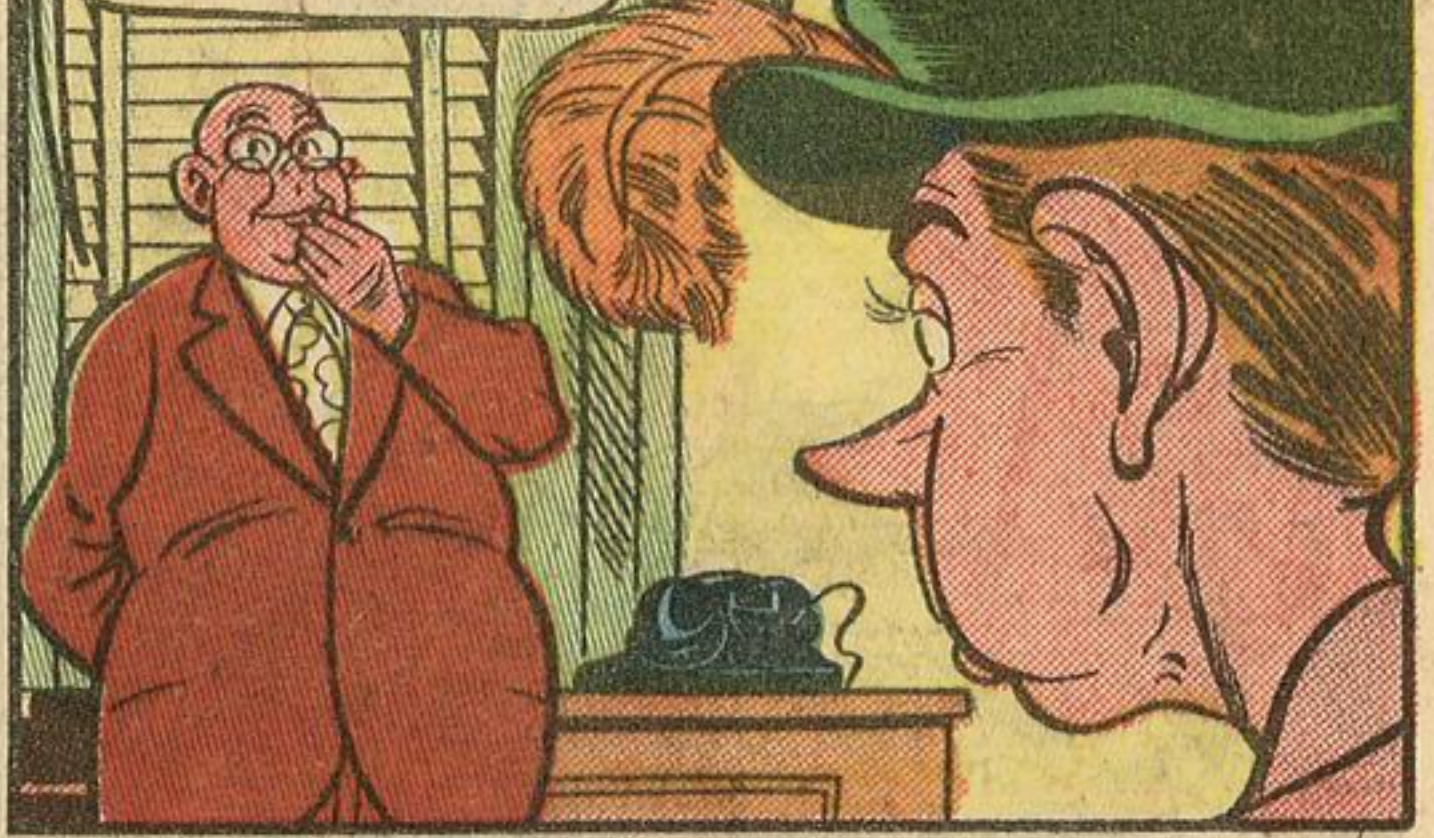


GREAT! NOT ONLY CAN WE UNLOAD THE JUNK YOU BOUGHT... WE CAN ALSO SELL THE *GIRLS* THEIR COSTUME MATERIAL! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU A RAISE SOMETIME, SINDBAD!



WE'LL BUILD THIS INTO A REAL PROMOTIONAL STUNT! MIGHT EVEN GET A MOVIE ACTOR AS GUEST OF HONOR! OF COURSE, HE MUSTN'T COST TOO MUCH!

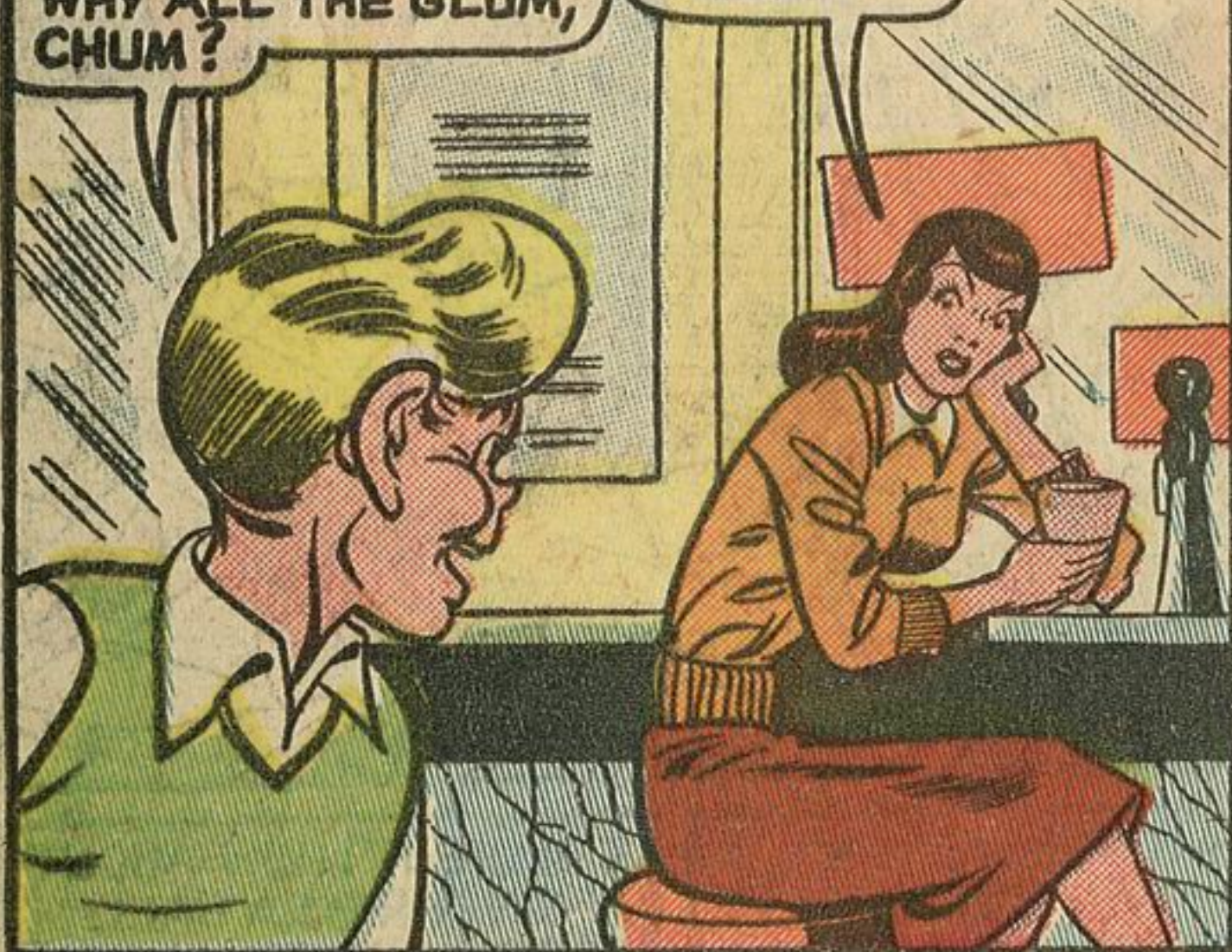
MY WIFE'S COUSIN IS A MOVIE ACTOR, SIR! I THINK I COULD GET HIM CHEAP!



*Next Day...*

GREETINGS, CANDY! WHY ALL THE GLUM, CHUM?

HI, TED! JUST BORED WITH THE SAME OLD ROUTINE!



TAKE TINA NOW—SHE ALWAYS MANAGES TO KEEP HERSELF HOPPED UP OVER SOMETHING OR OTHER!

YOU TAKE HER—I DON'T WANT HER!



SALUTATIONS, KIDS! LAMP THE LATEST LOWDOWN!

LET ME SEE THAT, TINA!



"AT GREAT EXPENSE, EEKIN'S IS IMPORTING A PROMINENT MOVIE STAR AS GUEST OF HONOR! THE LUCKY GIRL DANCING WITH HIM WHEN EVERYONE UNMASKS AT MID-NIGHT—"

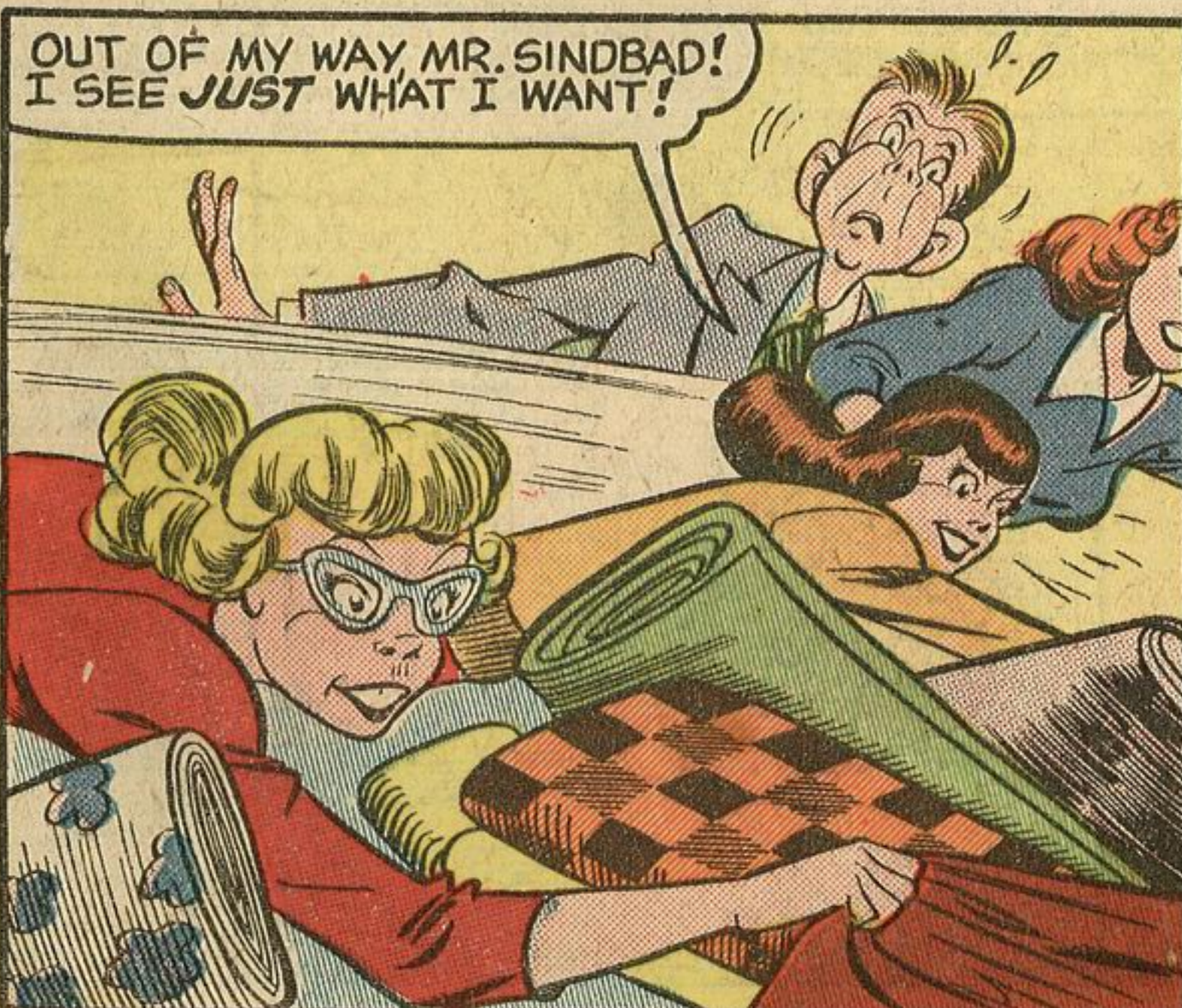
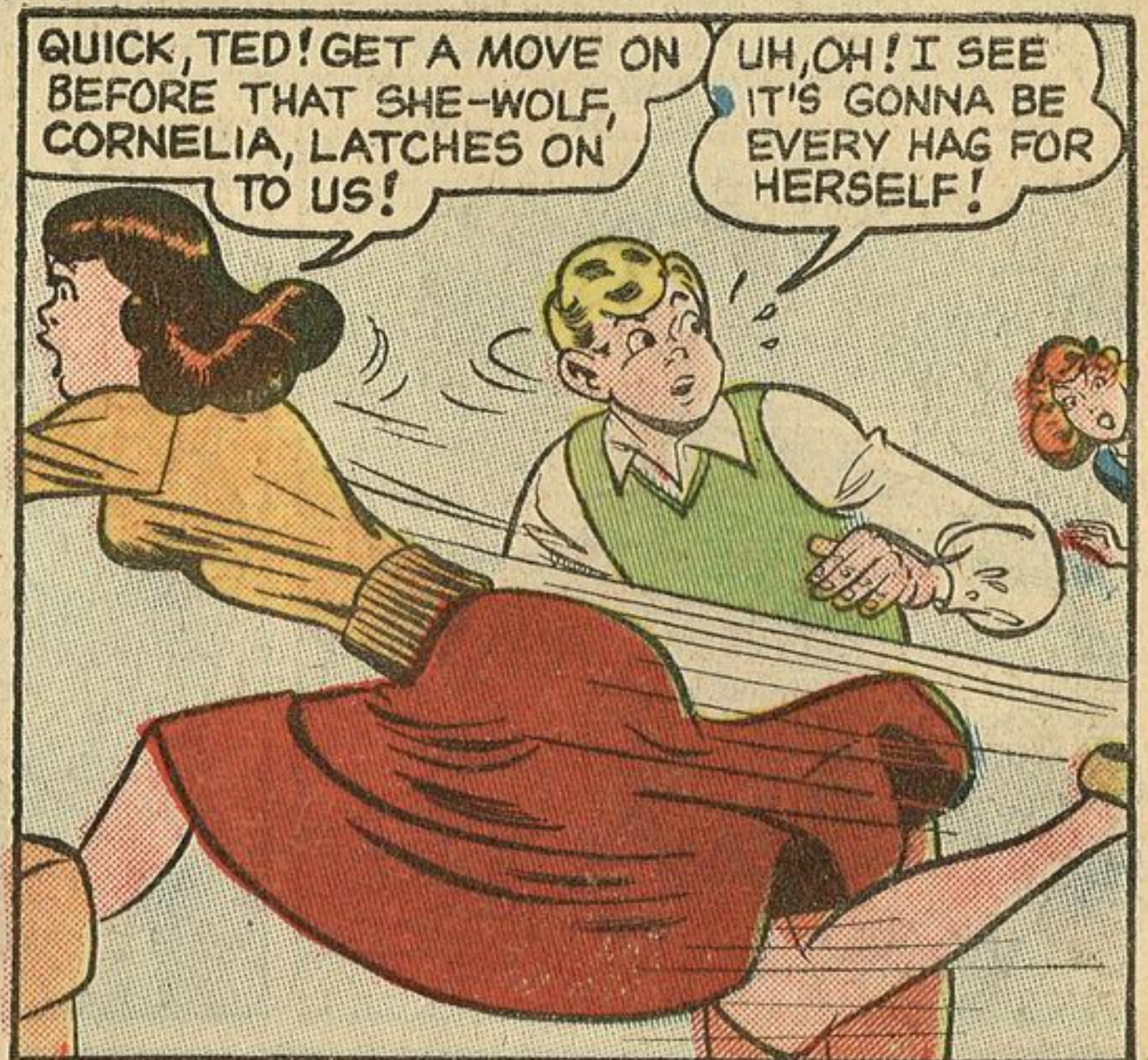


"...WILL BE HIS PARTNER AT SUPPER!"

COME ON, ALL YOU CINDERELLAS AND PRINCE CHARMINGS! IT'S EEKIN'S FOR YOUR COSTUMES AND MATERIALS!











GIRLS! THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER MATERIALS AROUND! YOU'RE RUINING THIS!



HMPHH! I DON'T THINK I WANT THIS ONE AFTER ALL! IT'S ALL YOURS!

WHO WANTS IT NOW? IT'S SHOP-WORN!



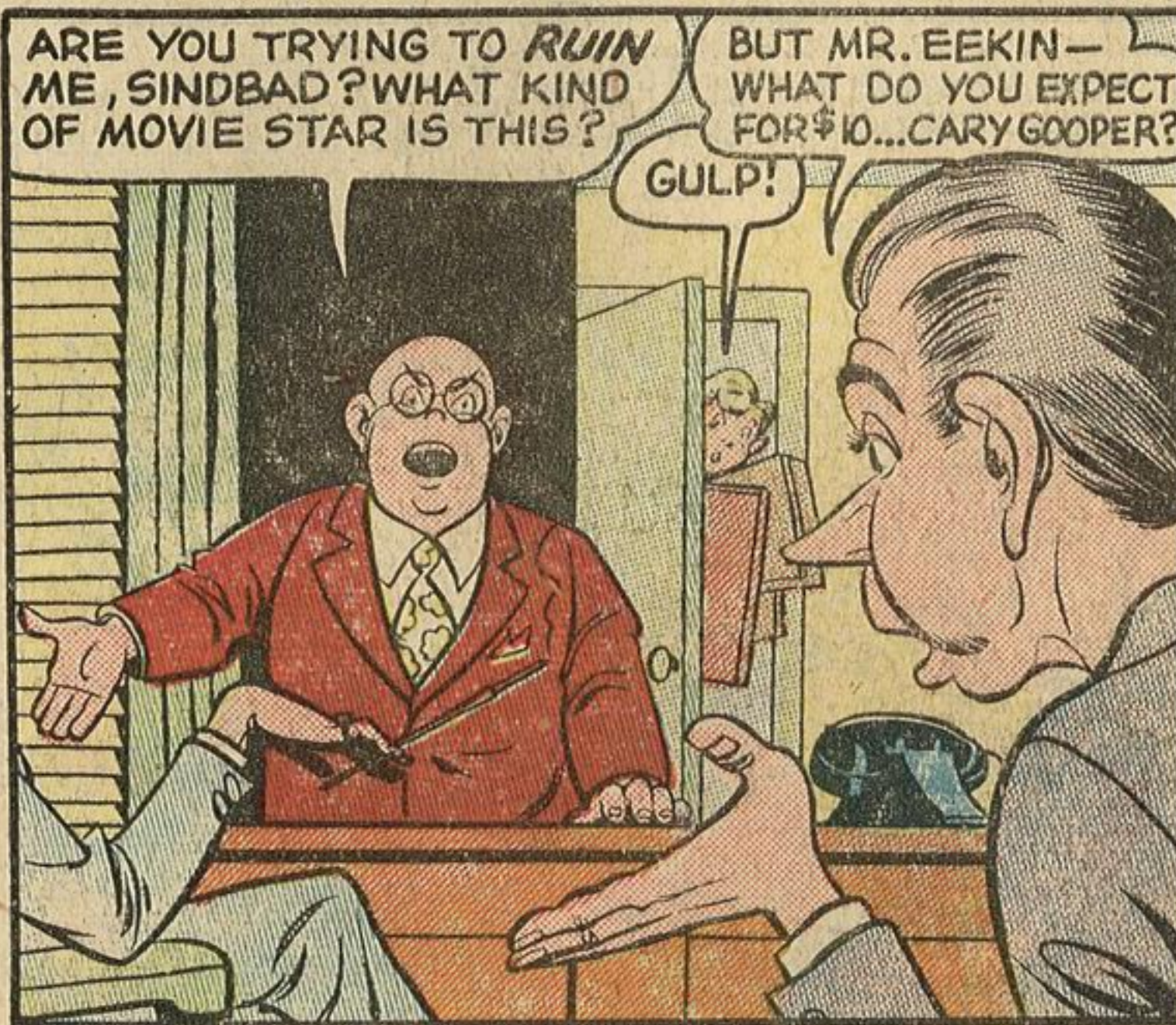
SOON...

SORRY, SIR! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE!

NEVER MIND, I'LL WALK DOWN! IT'LL BE FASTER!



GLEEPS! THIS SHOPPING SURE GETS A GUY DIZZY!



ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN ME, SINDBAD? WHAT KIND OF MOVIE STAR IS THIS?

BUT MR. EEKIN— WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR \$10... CARY GOOPER?

GULP!



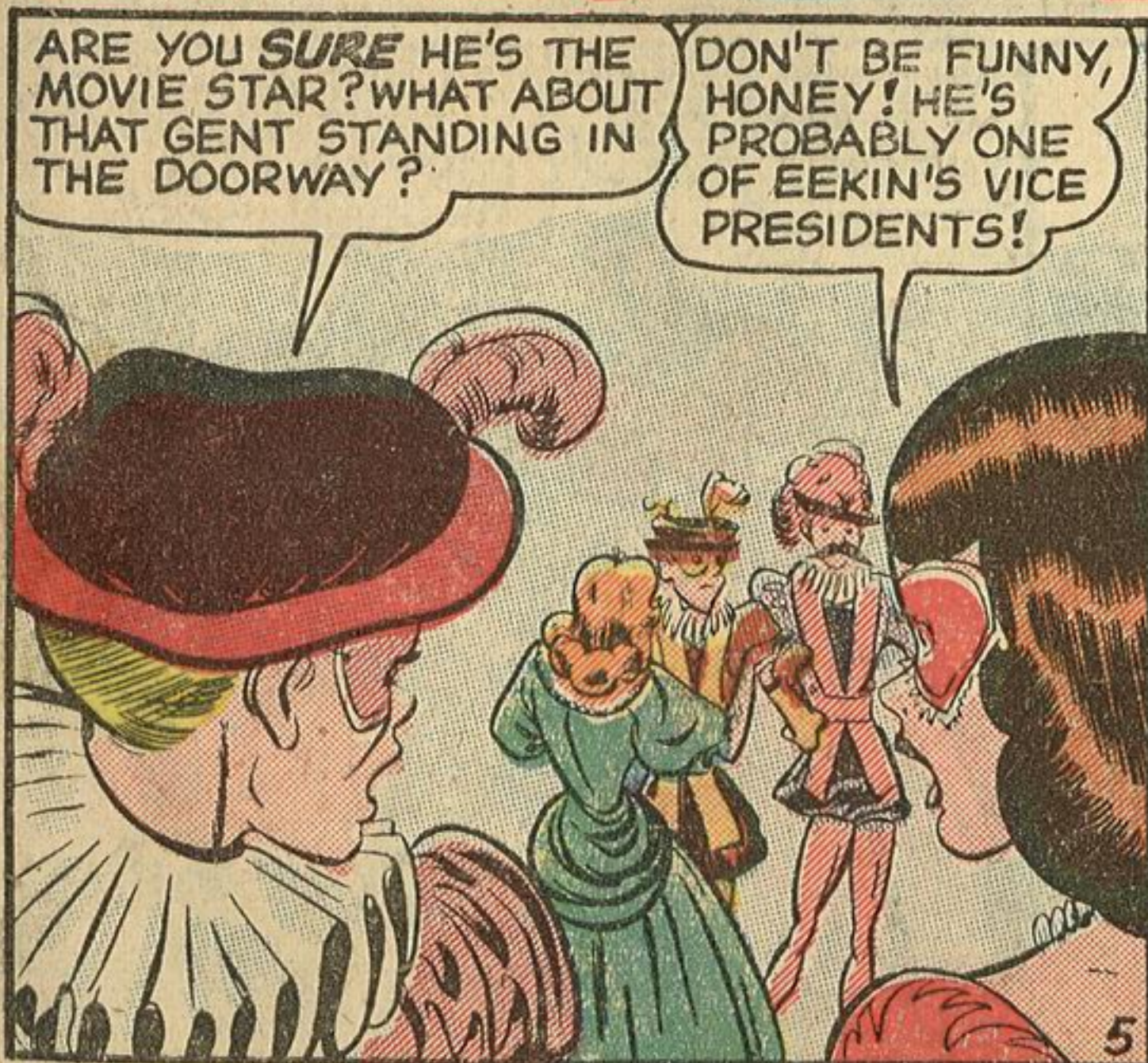
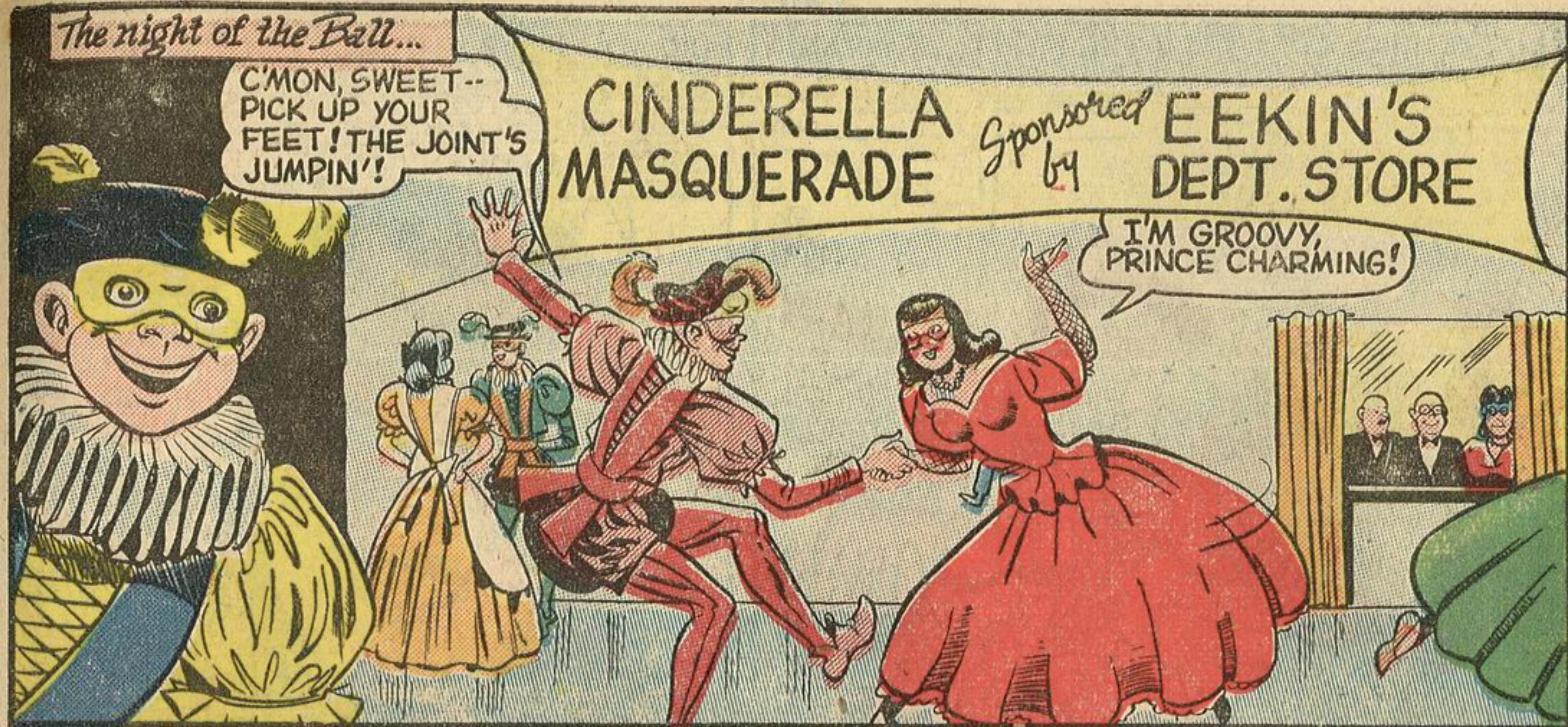
GULP! I WENT THROUGH THE WRONG DOOR! LOOKS LIKE THE GAL WHO WINS *THIS* MOVIE STAR IS *REALLY* GONNA BE IN FOR A SURPRISE!



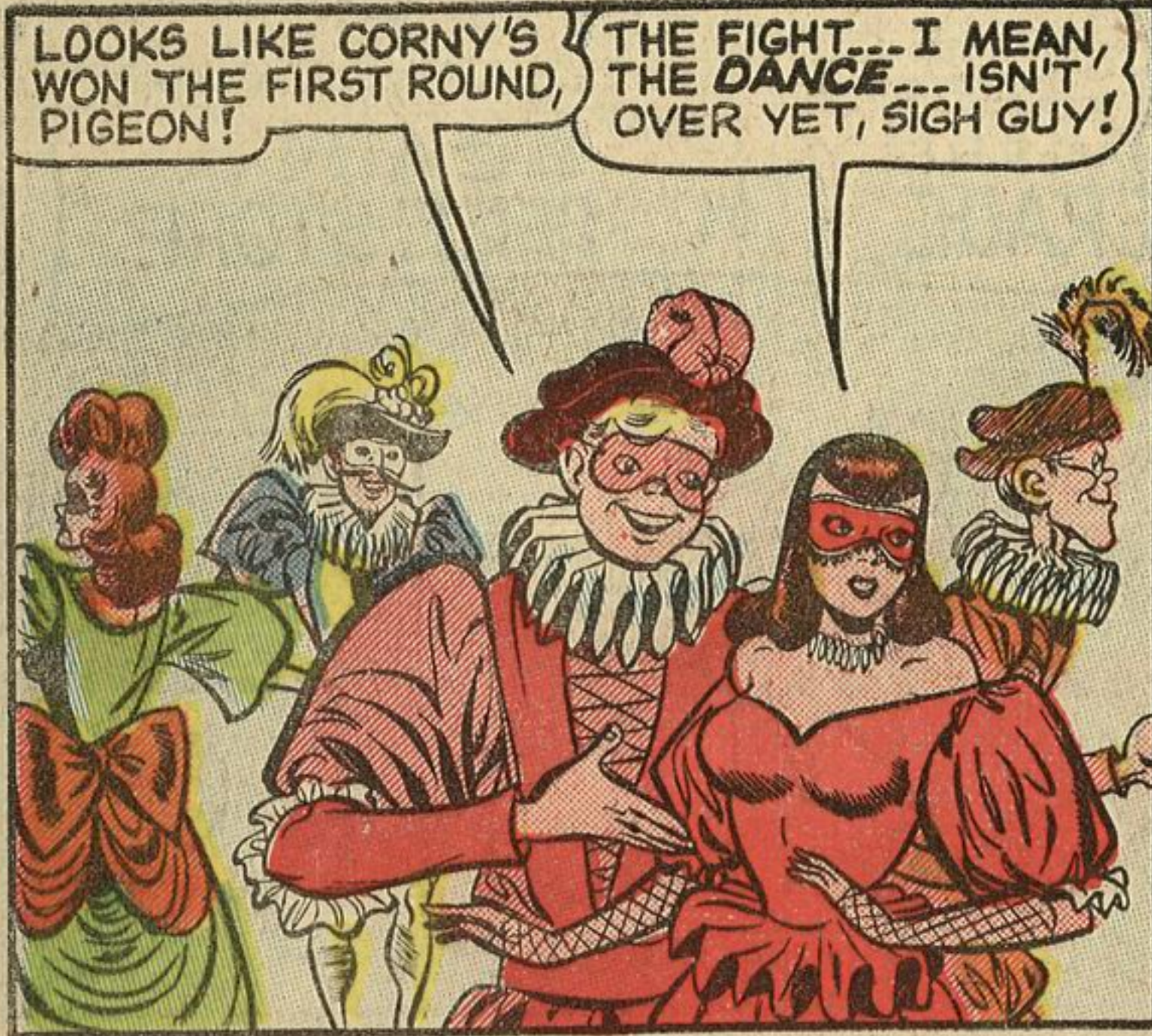
SORRY I MADE YOU WAIT ALL THIS TIME, TED!

DON'T FRET, PET! IT WASN'T WASTED! NO SIRREE!









LOOKS LIKE CORNY'S WON THE FIRST ROUND, PIGEON!

THE FIGHT... I MEAN, THE **DANCE**... ISN'T OVER YET, SIGH GUY!



DID YOU HEAR HIM CALL WOODY "OLD CHAP"? HE MUST BE THAT **ENGLISH** STAR, JAMES JASON! OH, ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?

HMMM!



YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO KEEP SUCH A CHARMING LITTLE LADY ALL TO YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN!

I RELINQUISH HER REGRET-FULLY, SIR!



I'M AFRAID I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT DANCING THESE **MODERN** STEPS!

NO, BUT YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT **STEPPING** ON THESE **MODERN** DANCERS! OHH, MY ACHING BUNIONS!



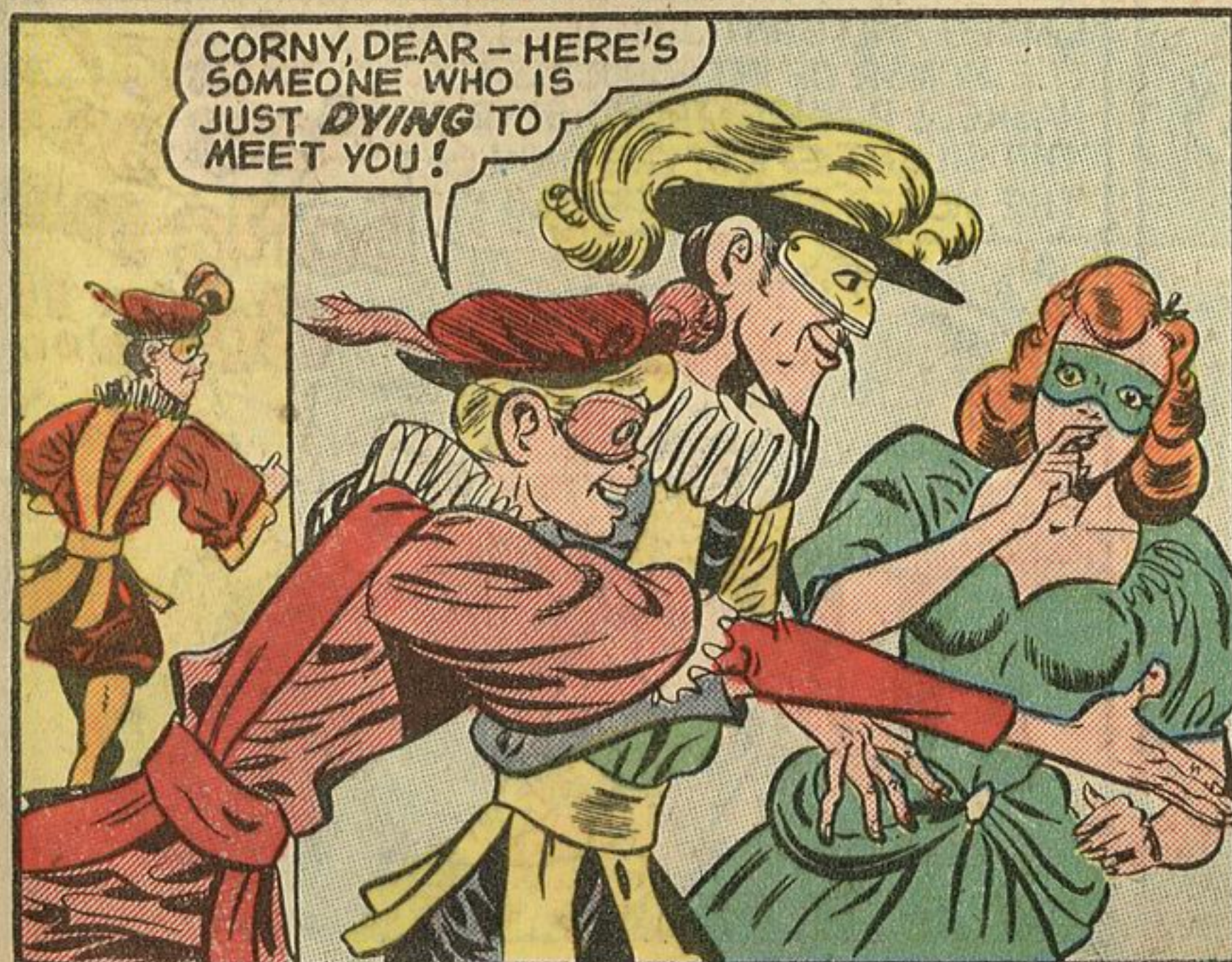
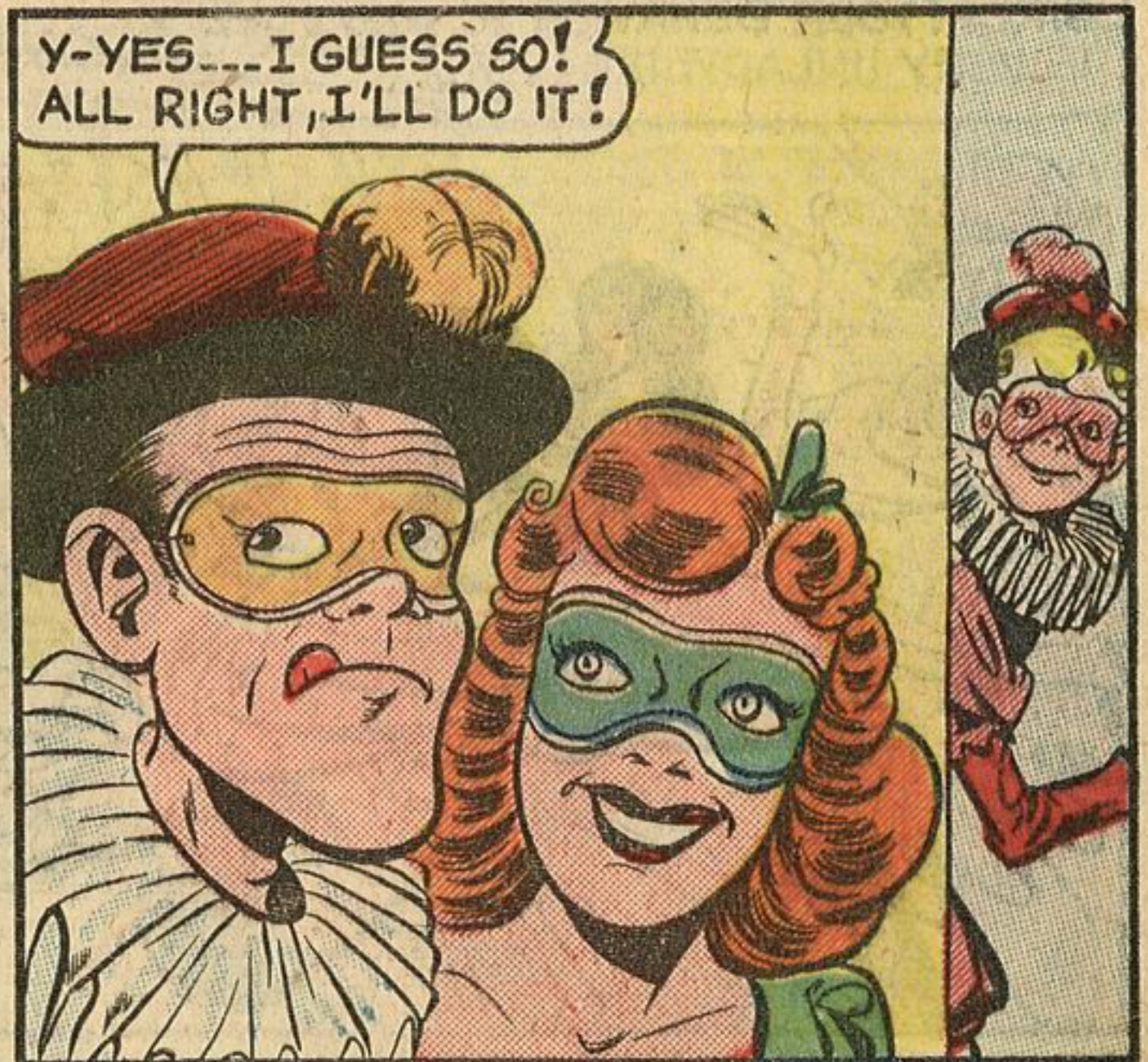
AND TED, HE - HE'S DELIBERATELY LETTING ME SUFFER THROUGH THIS ORDEAL!



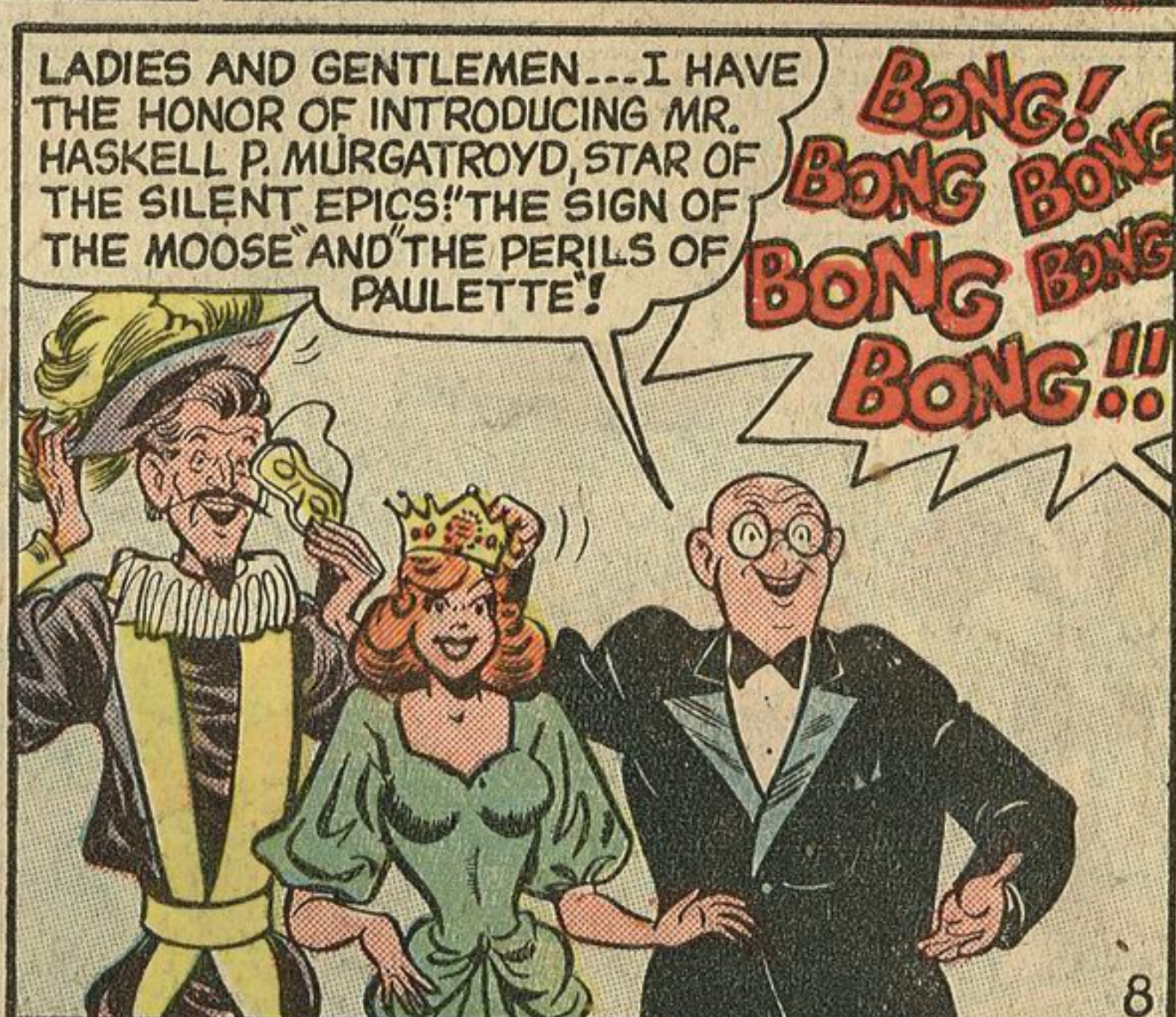
WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, PLEASE? I'M THIRSTY!

I'LL GET YOU A GLASS OF FRUIT PUNCH! NOW, DON'T RUN AWAY MY DEAR!

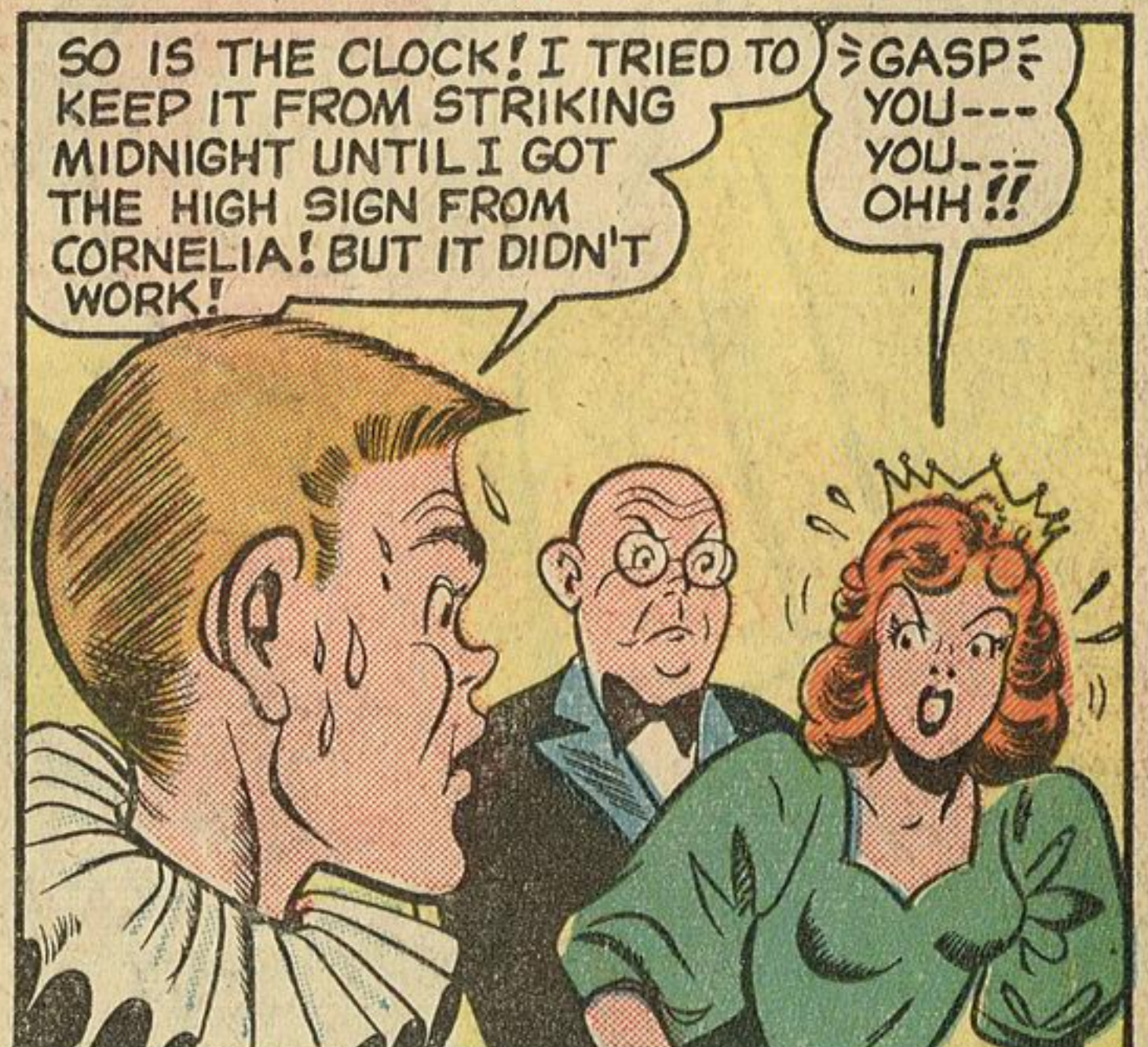
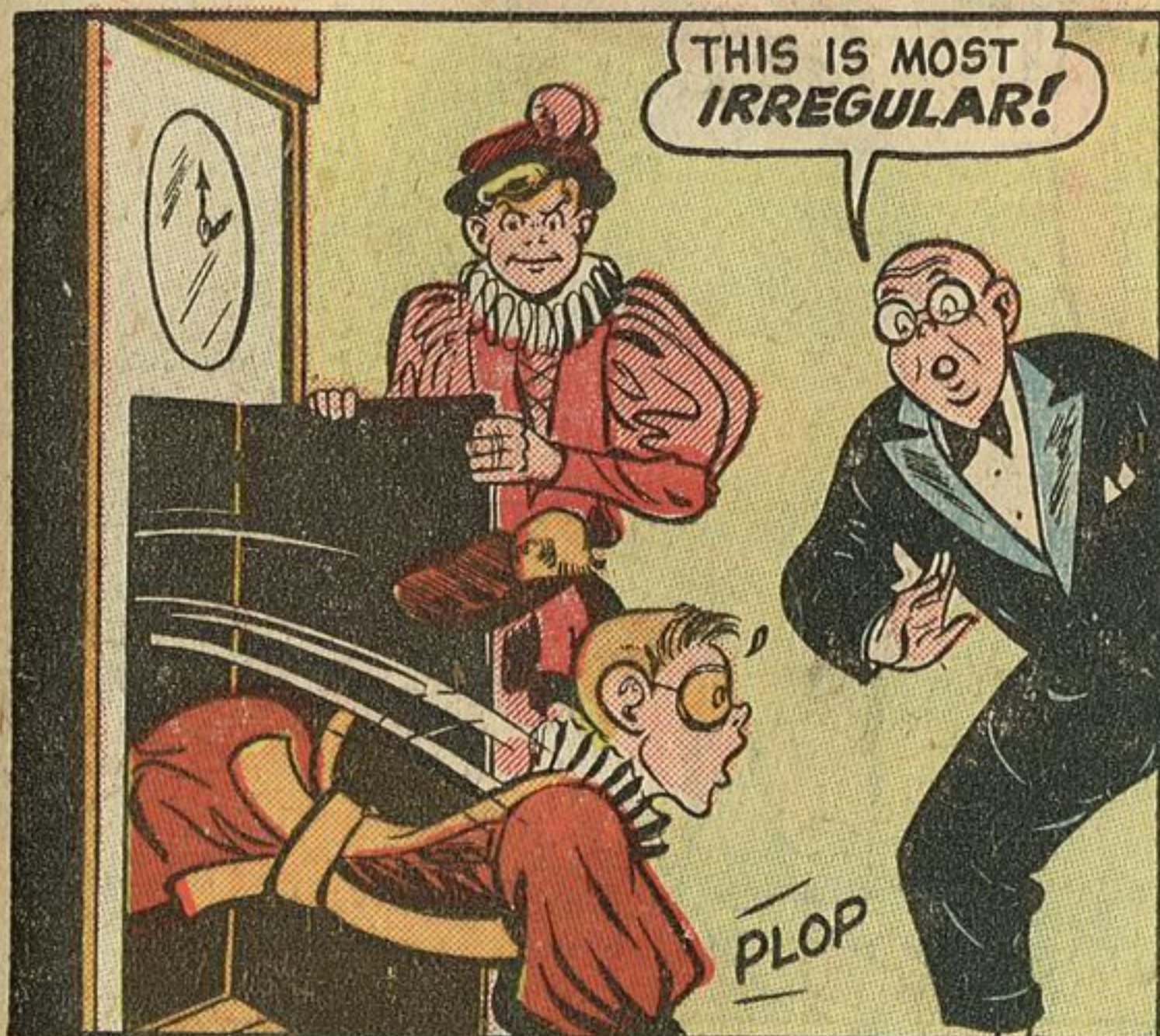
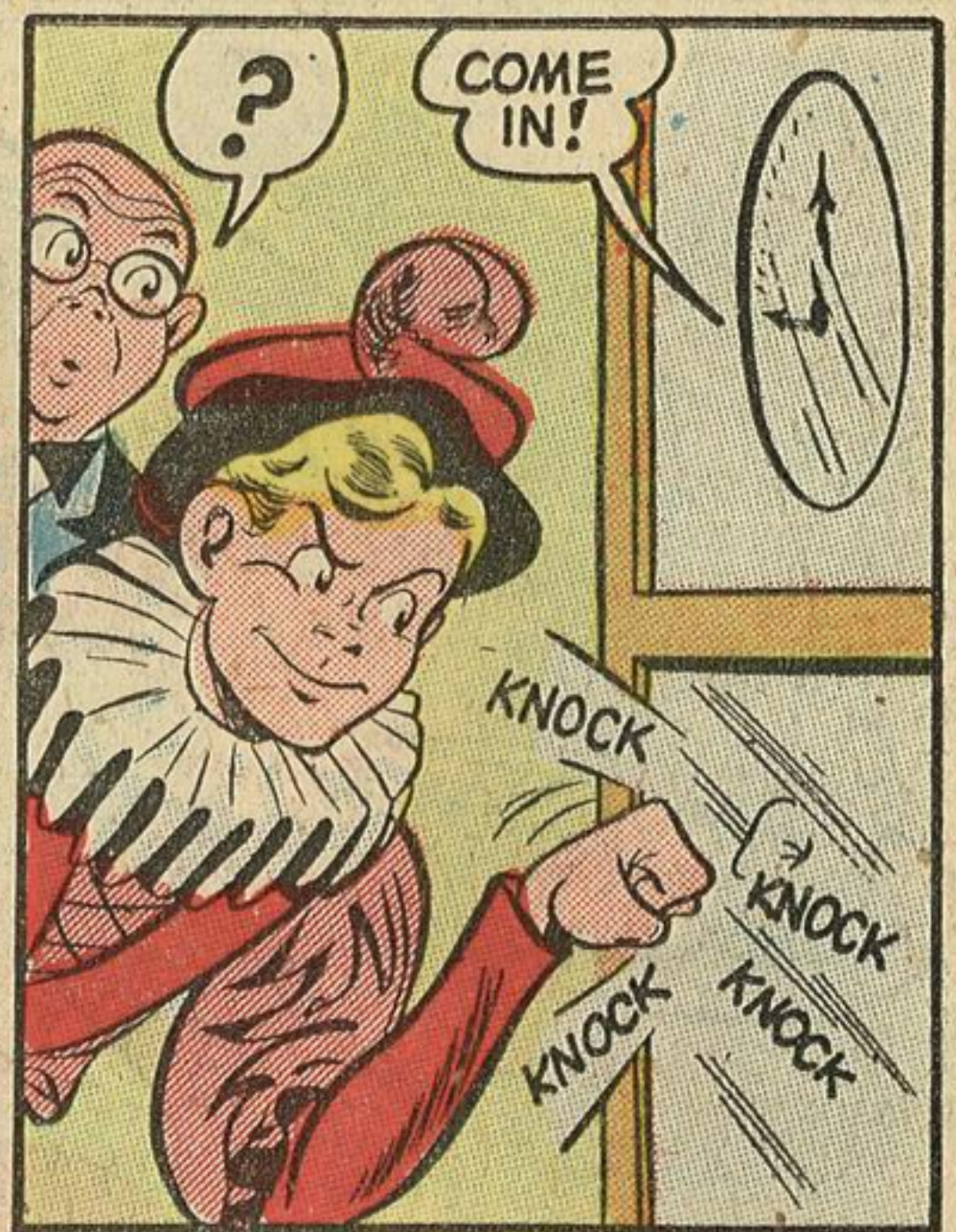














# CANDY



TINA,  
WHY  
THE CUPID  
COSTUME?

THIS TIME I'M  
GOING TO BE  
**DRESSED**  
FOR THE PART,  
CANDY!



WHO'S DATING YOU  
FOR THE SPRING  
PROM, TINA?

HERBIE, THE SODA JERKER AT  
THE SWEET SHOP! HE'S NOT  
EXACTLY GLAMOUR STUFF,  
CANDY,  
BUT...

I THOUGHT  
CORNELIA KEPT  
HIM DANGLING AS  
A SORT OF  
SPARE!



HARTWICK  
HIGH  
SCHOOL



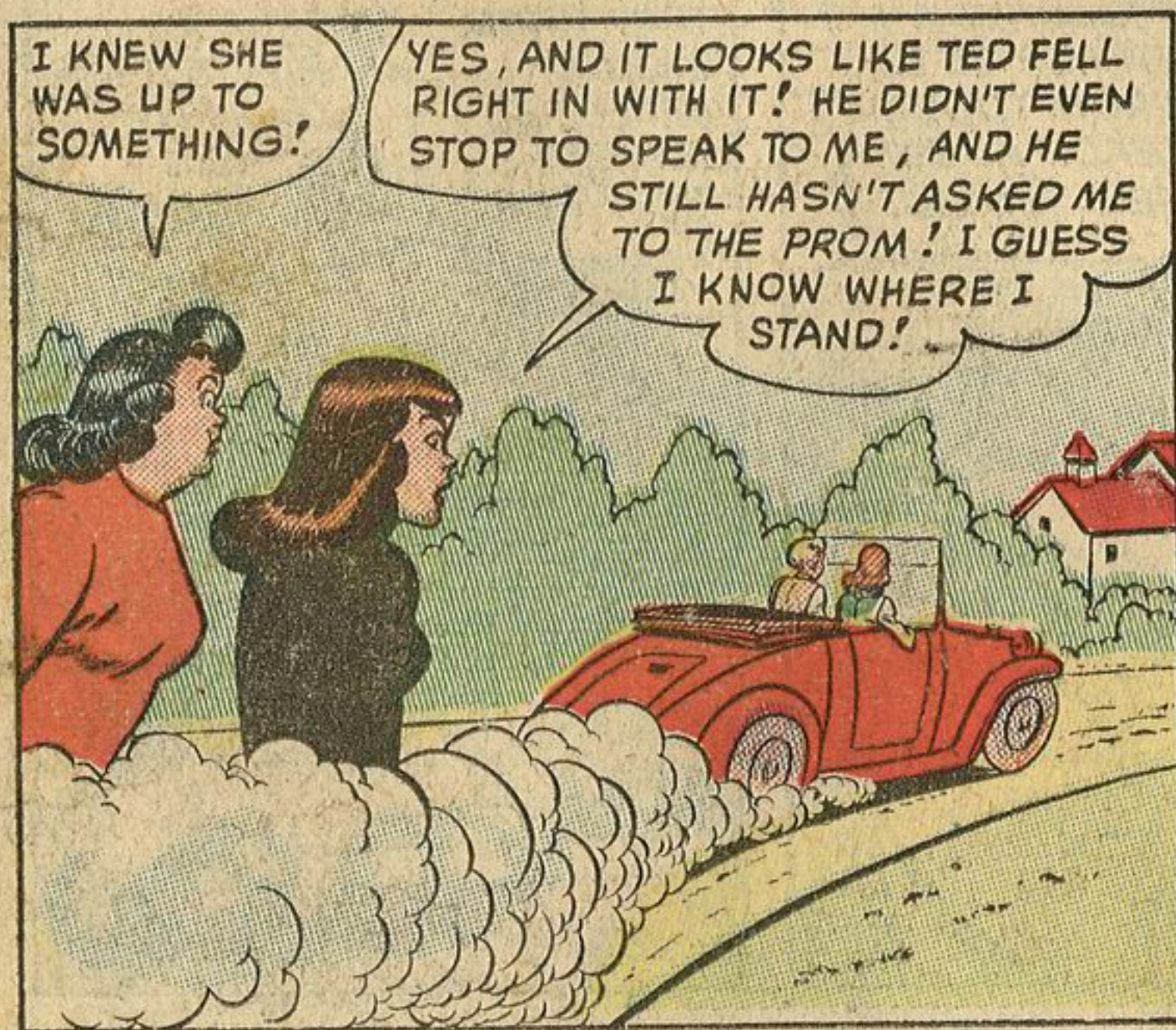




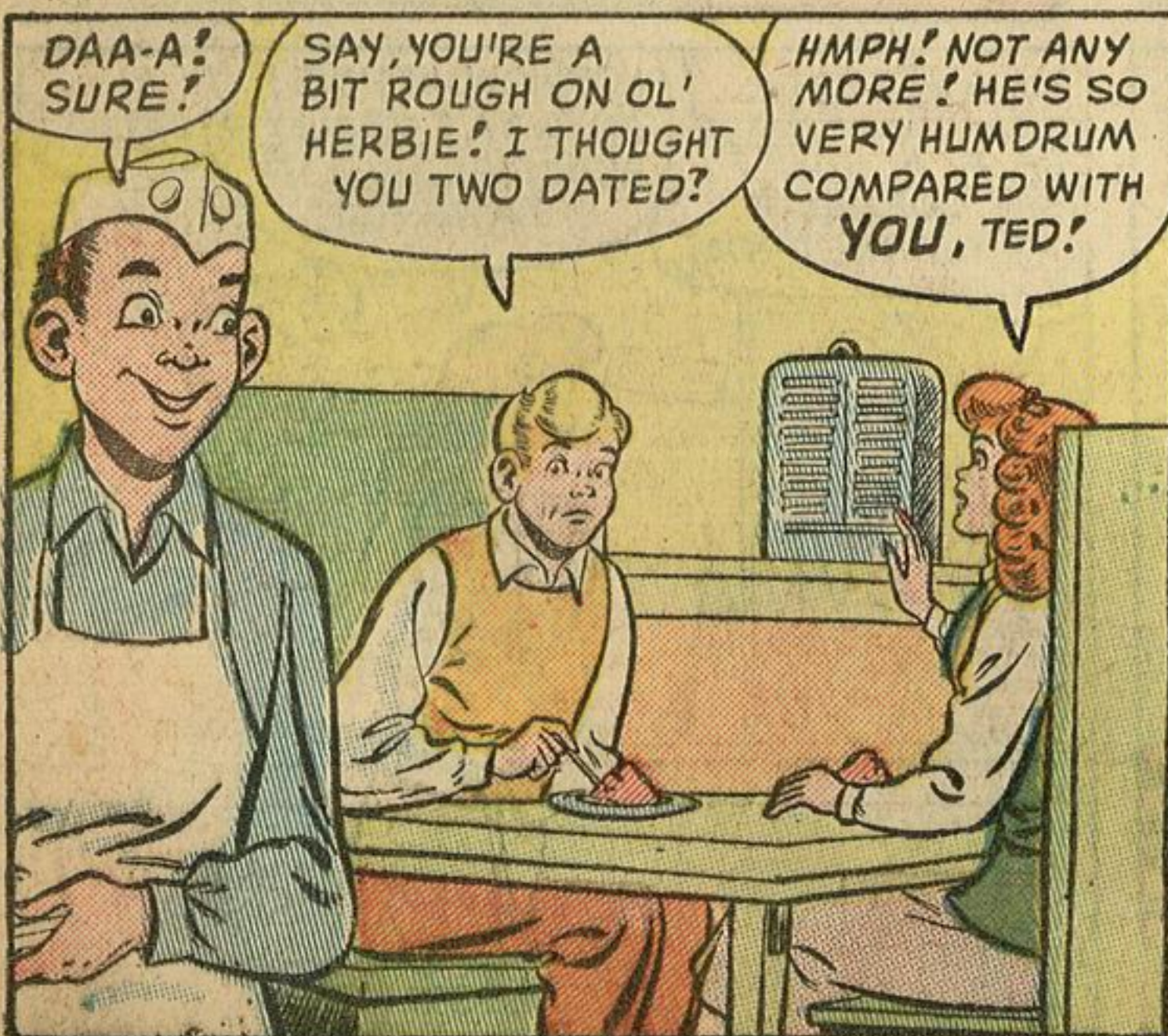
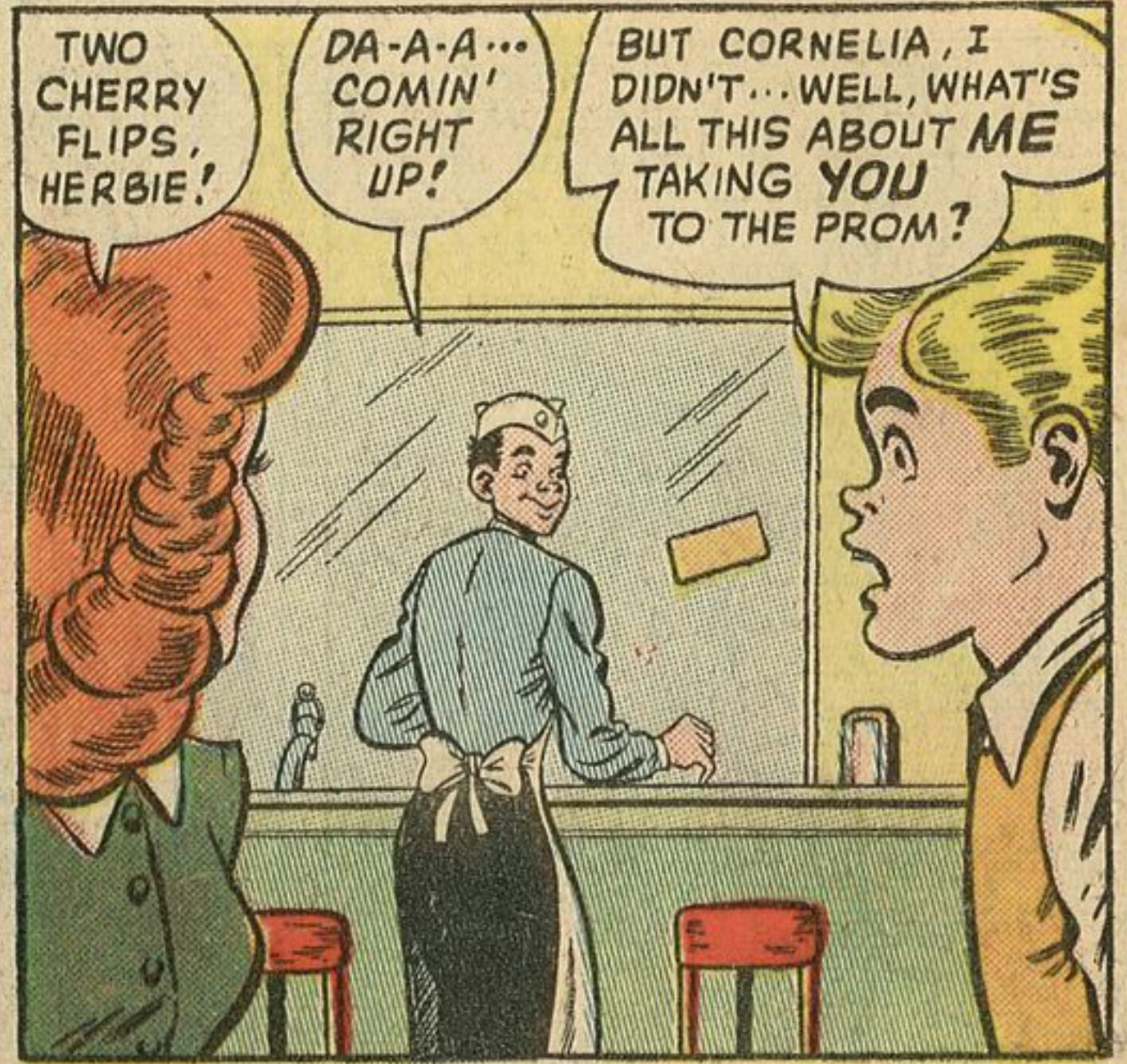




CANDY







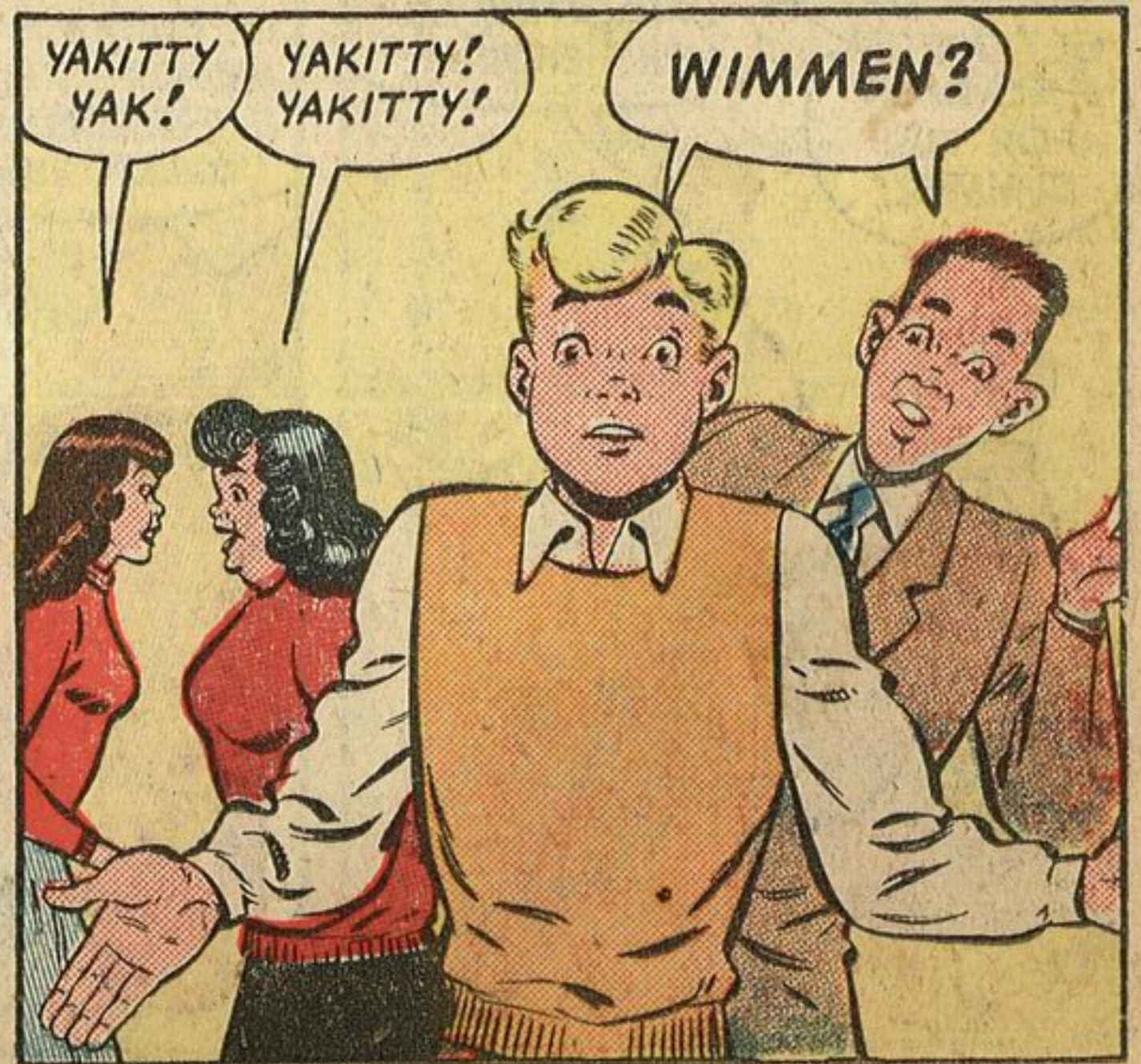
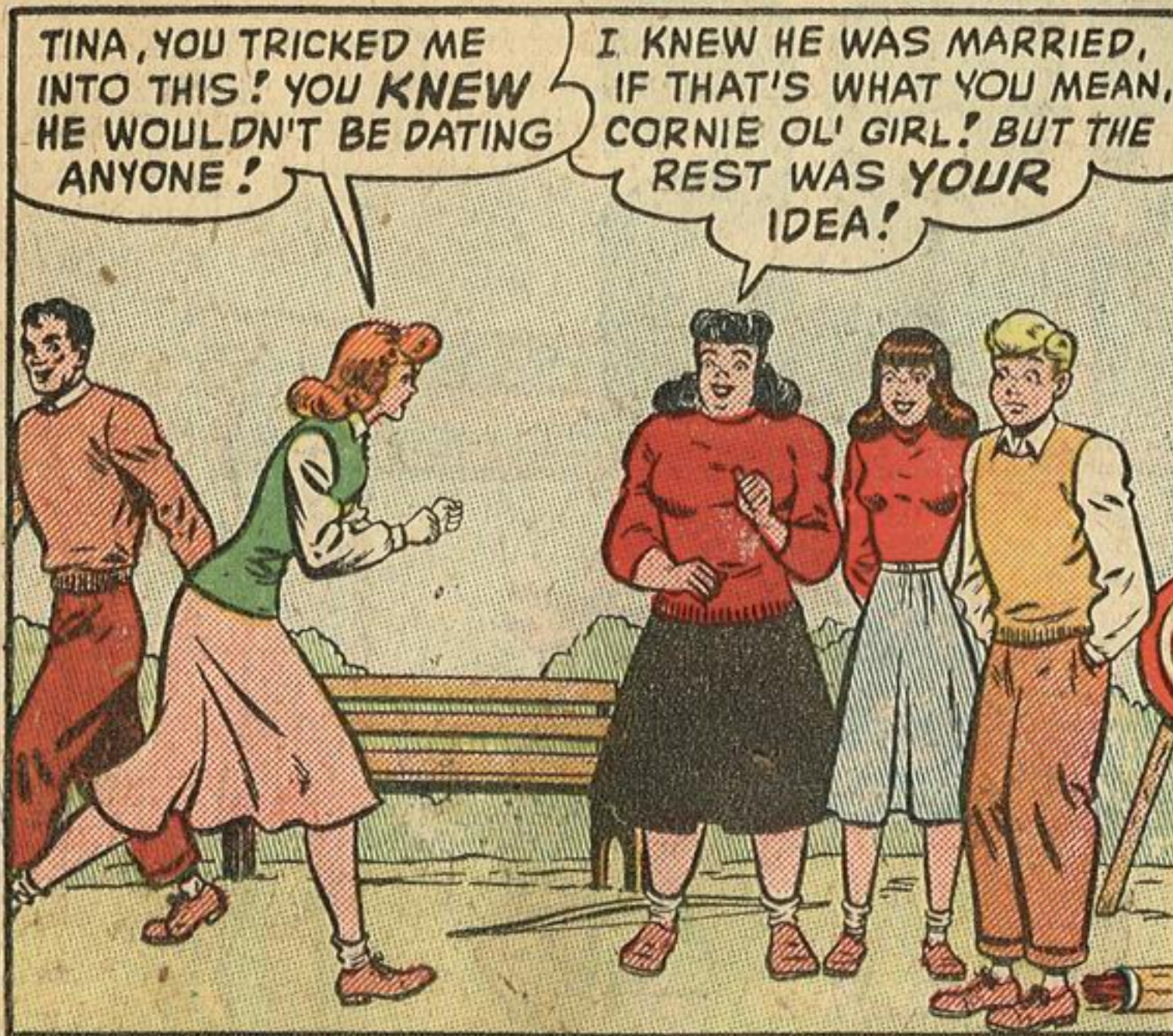








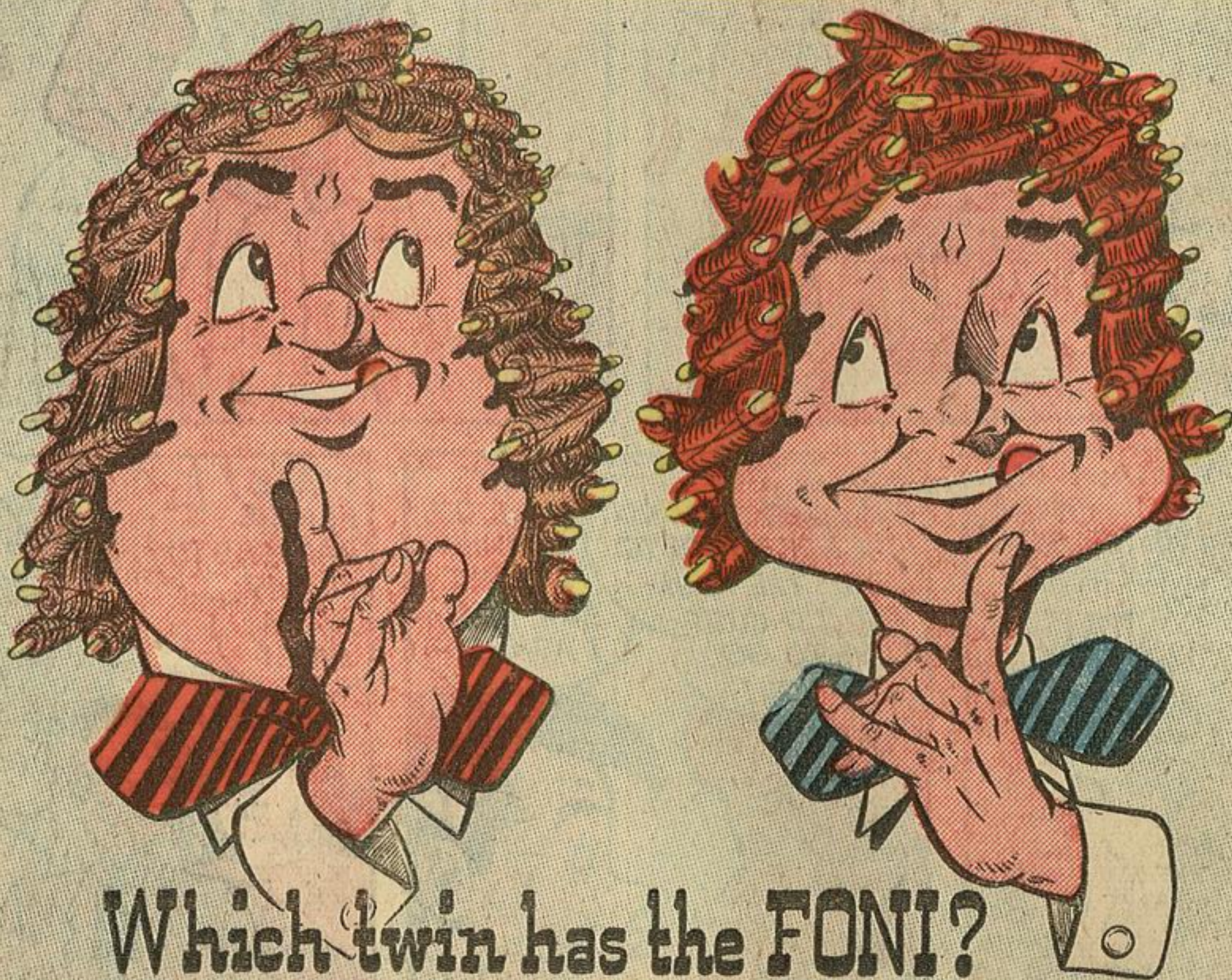






CANDY

# JITTERS



Which twin has the FONI?

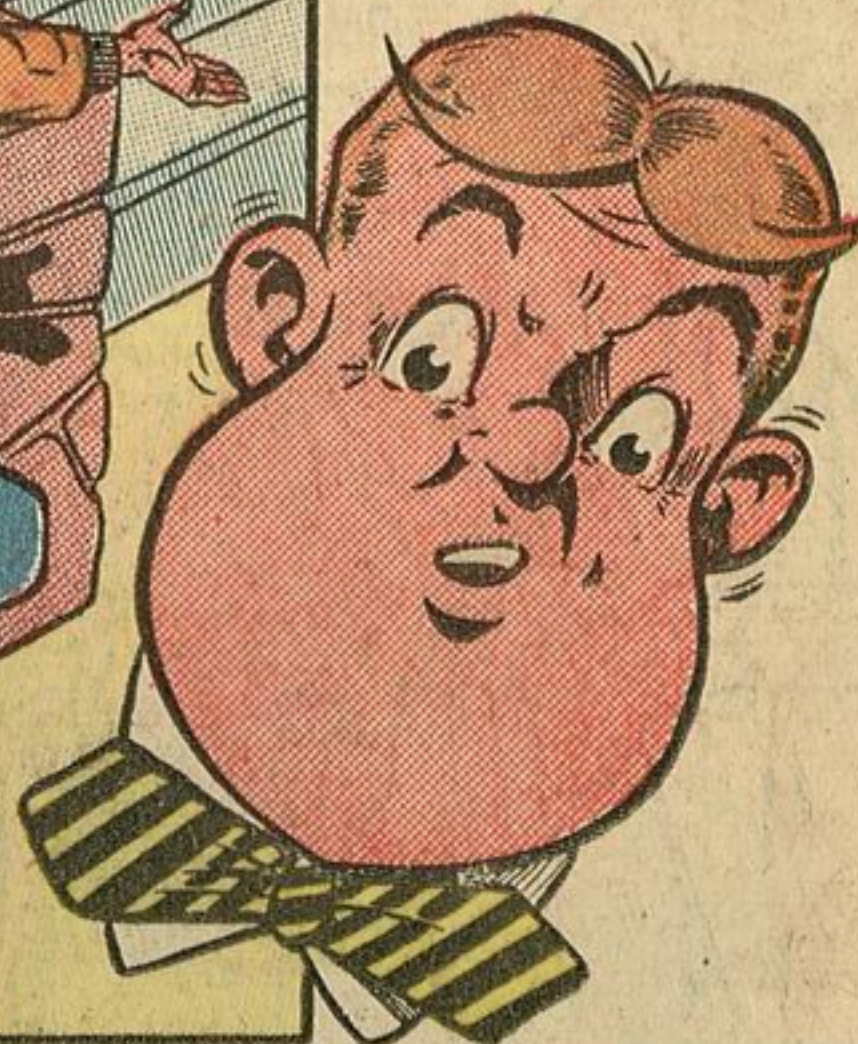
HEY, JITTERS!  
LET'S GO OVER  
TO ED'S FIZZ  
SHOPPE AND  
GET OUR  
JOBS BACK  
FOR THE  
SUMMER!

NOTHING DOING,  
BUGS! THAT OLD  
SKINFLINT'S BEEN  
EXPLOITING US  
LONG ENOUGH!

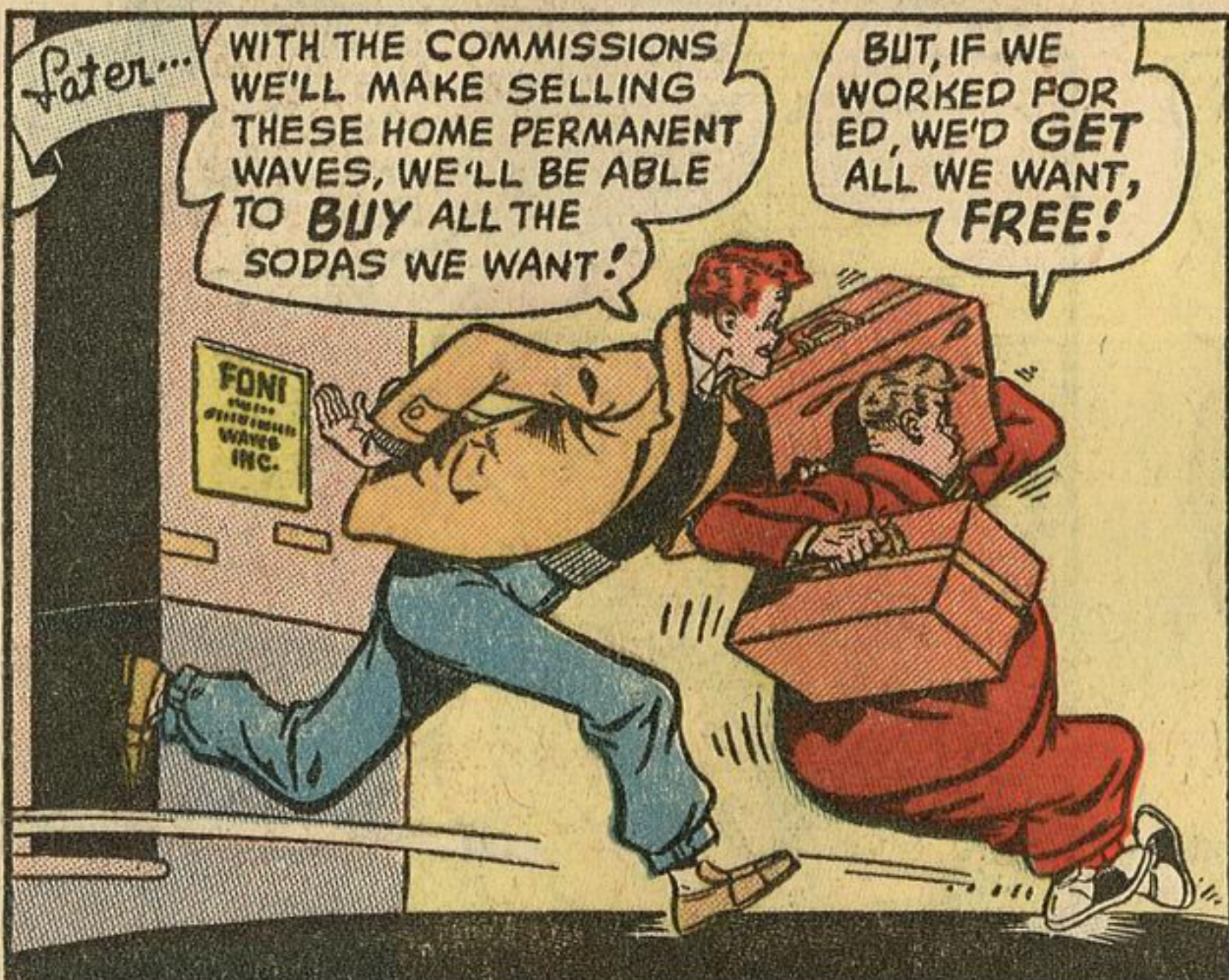
WHAT D'YA  
MEAN? ED  
PAID US EACH  
12 BUCKS A  
WEEK, AND ALL  
THE SODAS WE  
COULD DRINK!

CHICKEN FEED! GET A  
LOAD OF THIS: "ARE YOU  
ACCUSTOMED  
TO EARNING  
\$ 100 A  
WEEK?"

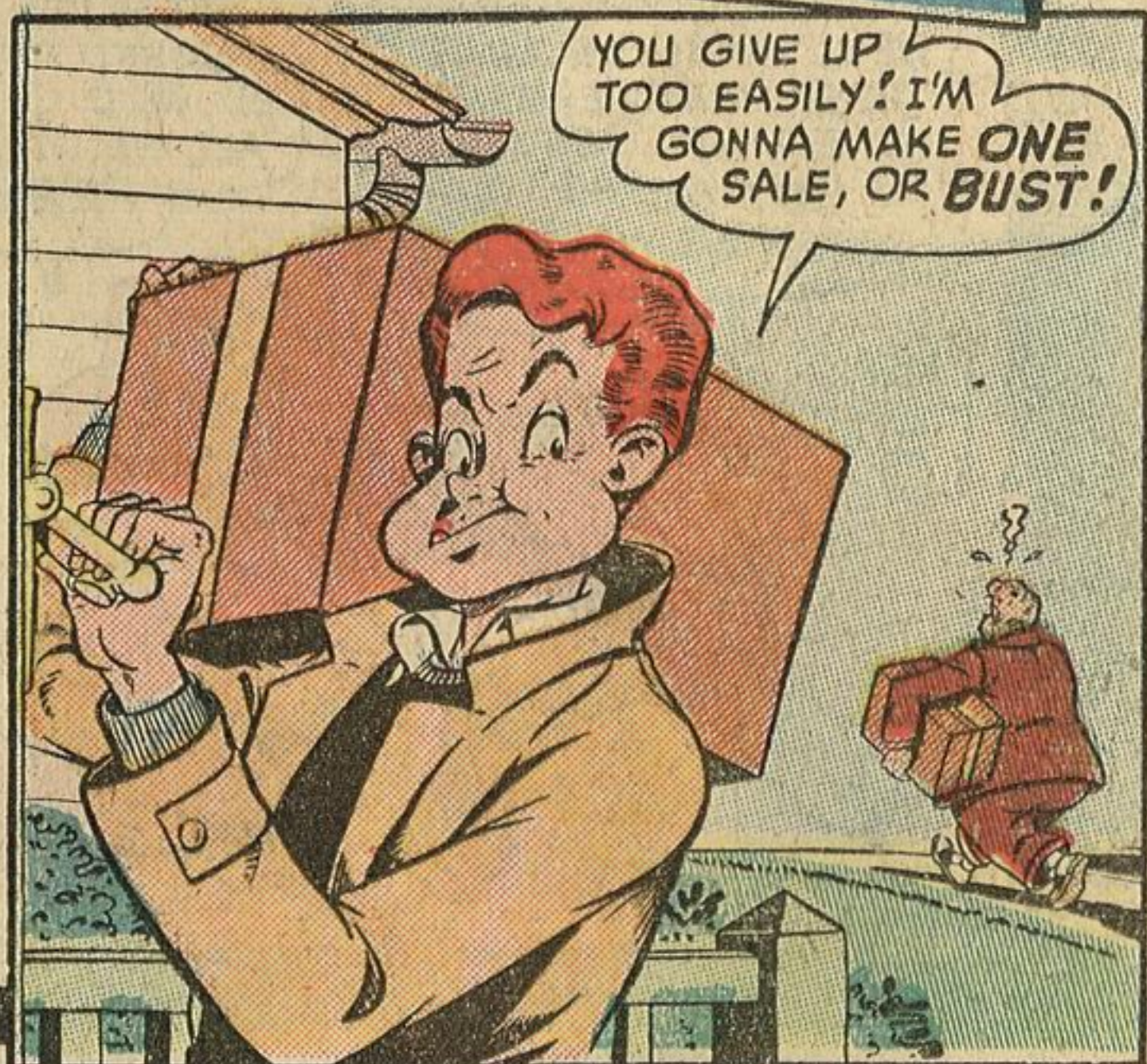
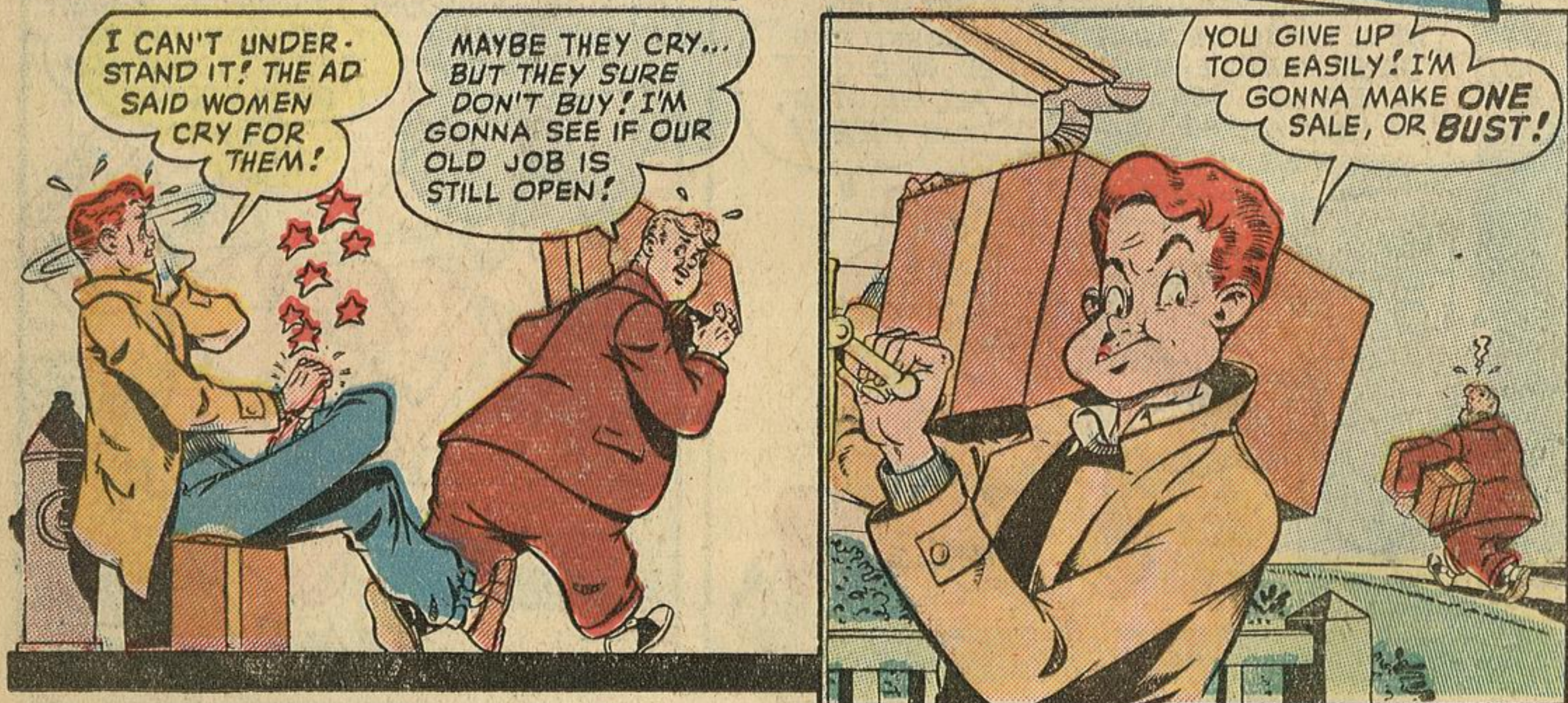
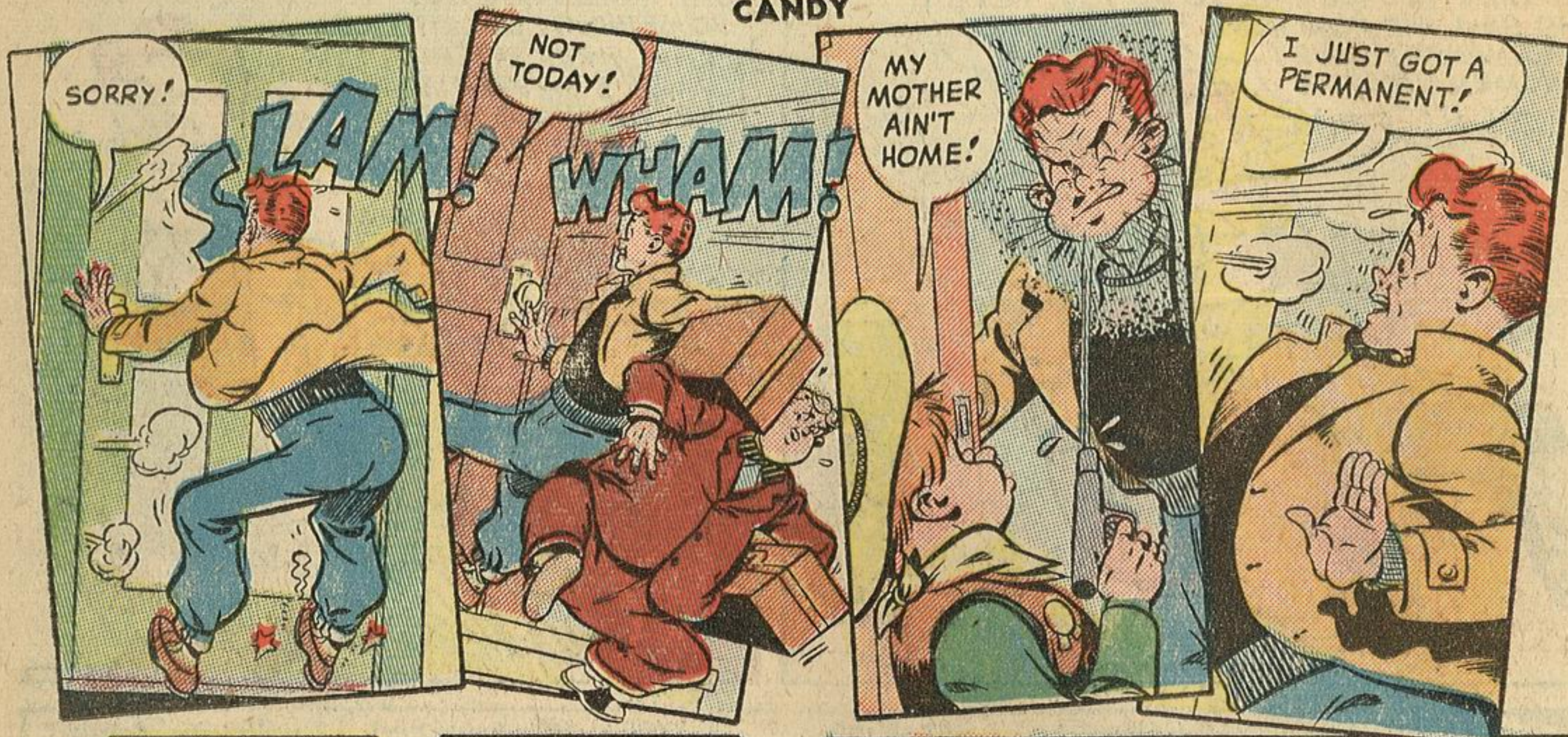
NO!



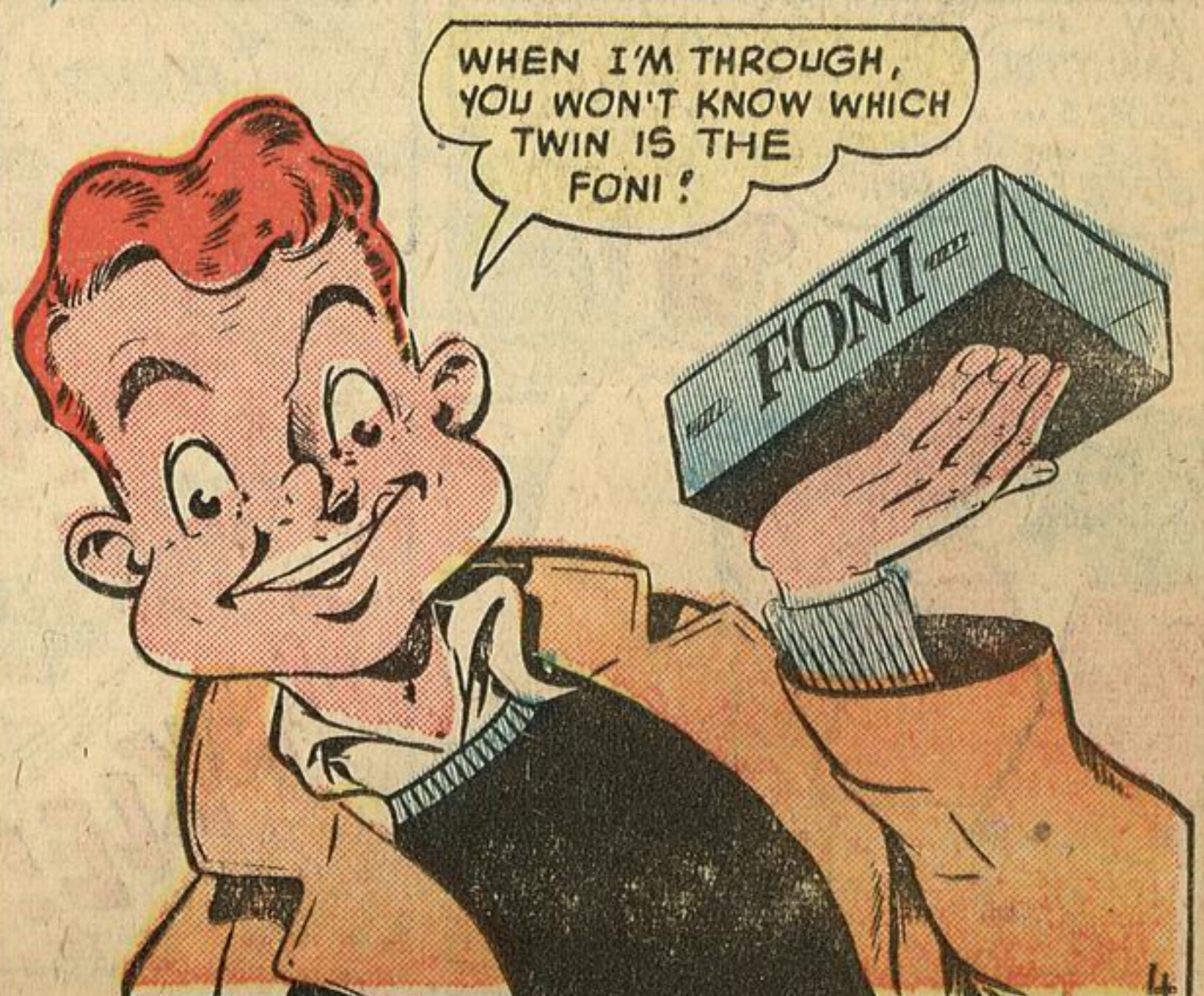
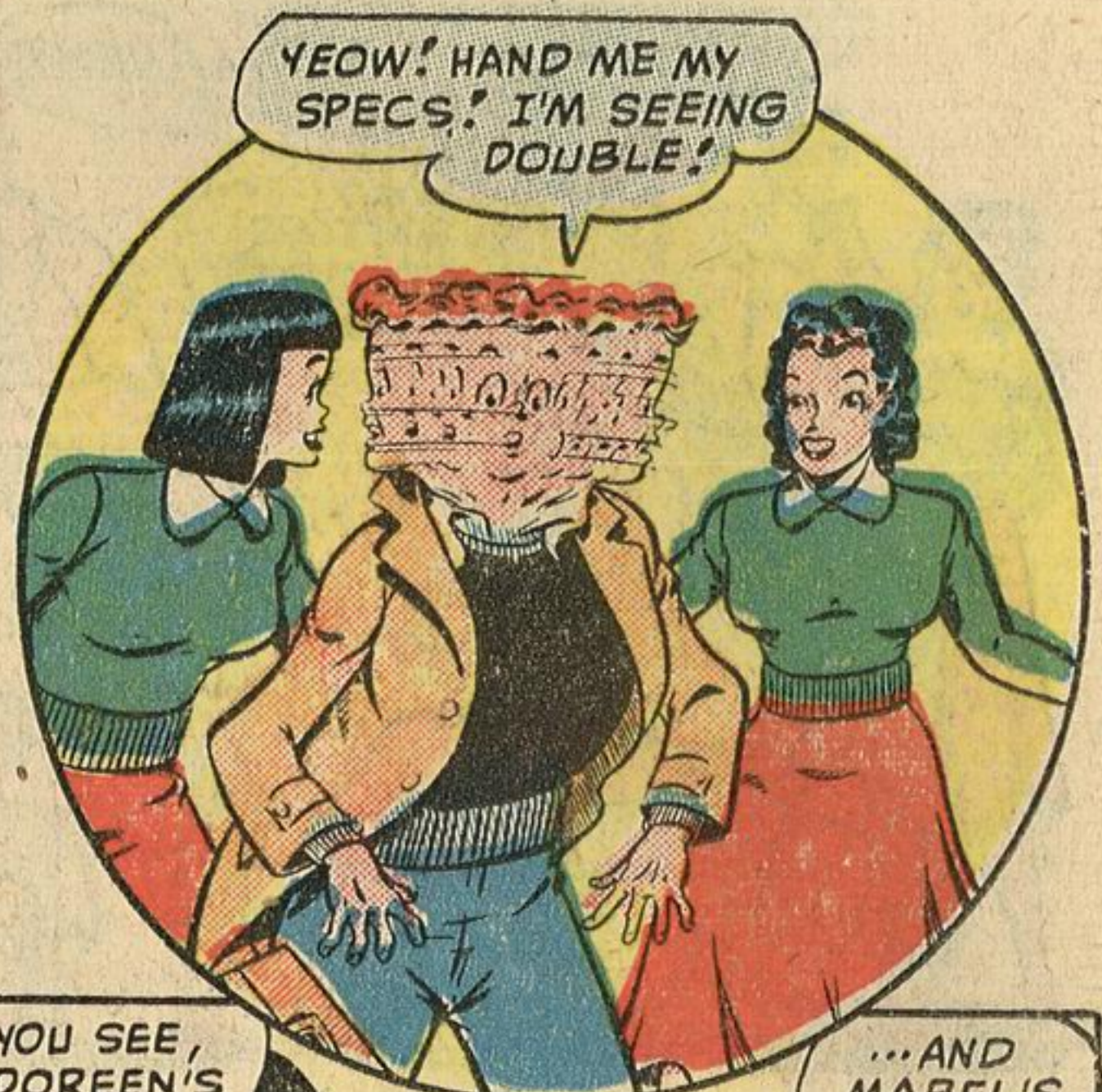
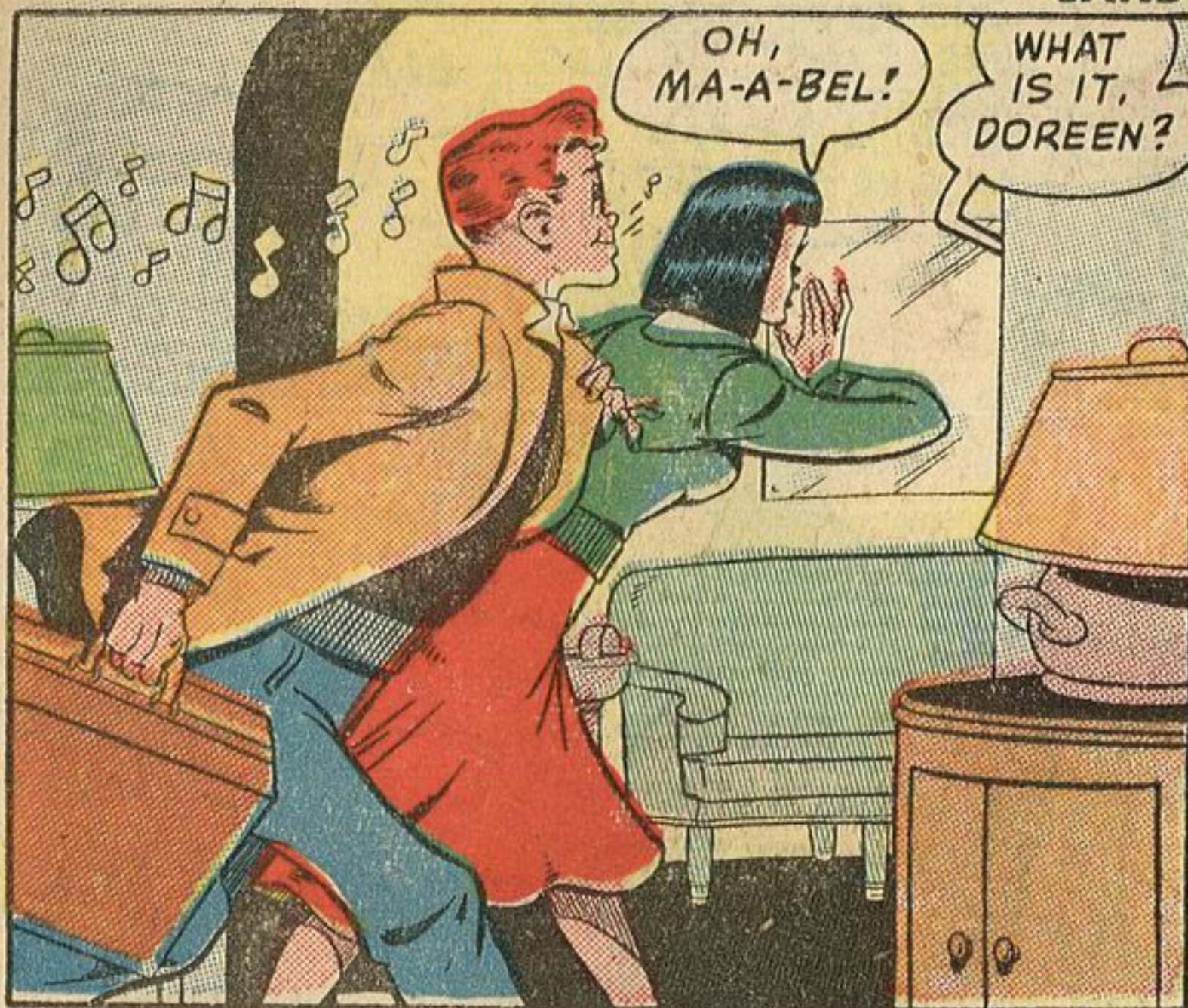




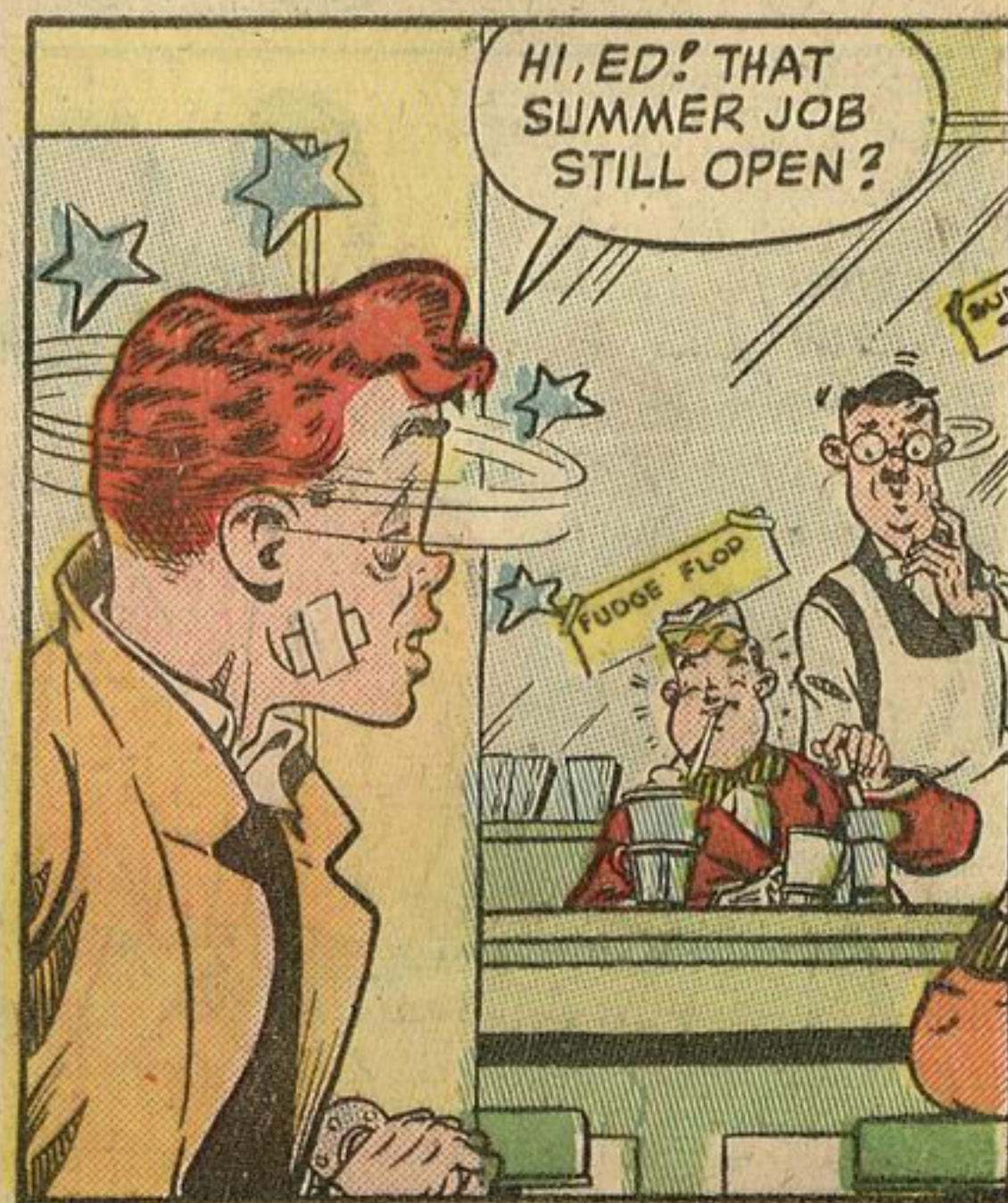
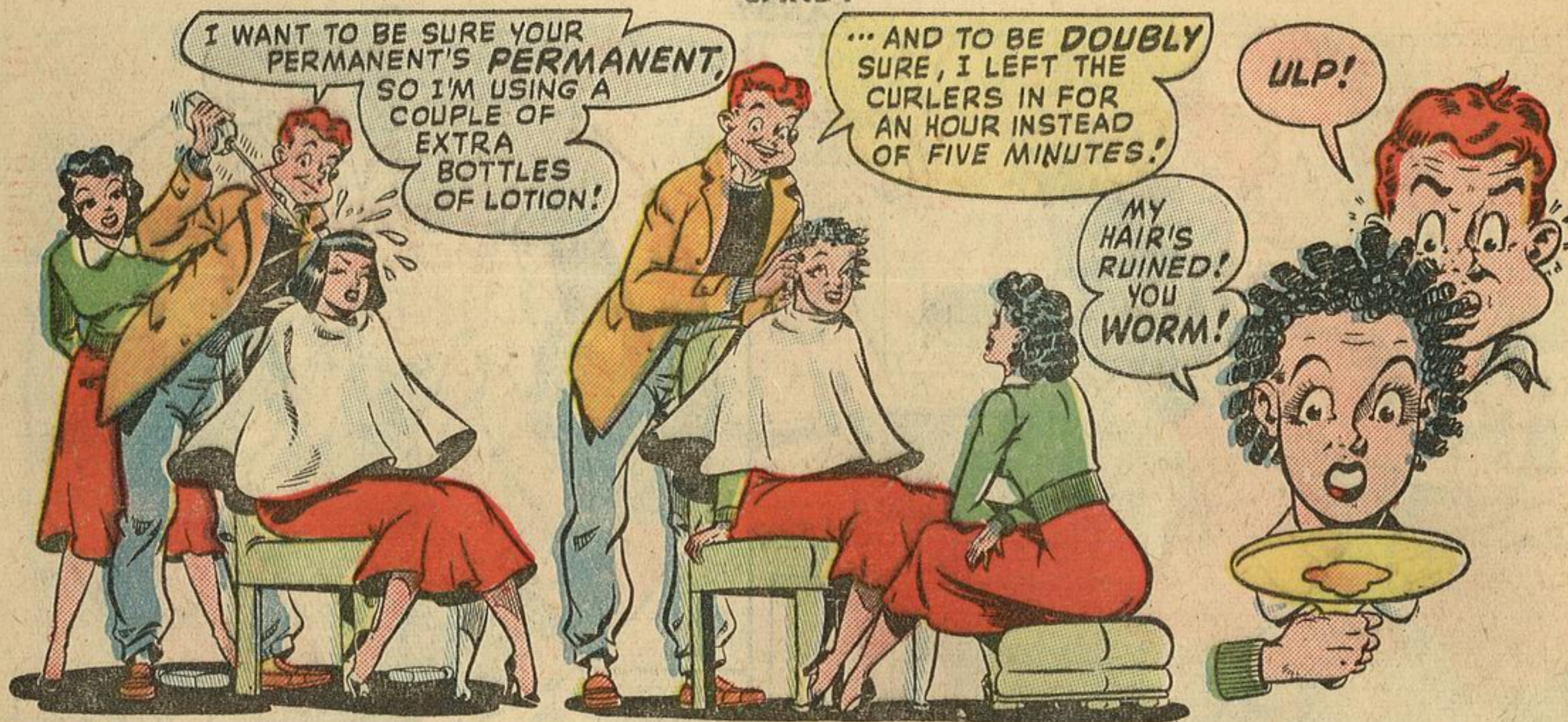














# Surprised PARTIES

CANDY O'CONNOR pushed her half-finished breakfast away and prepared to rise. Her father regarded her quizzically from across the table and said, "Lost your appetite, Candy?"

"Sort of," Candy replied. "I have to do so much today that I hardly know where to begin. There's my dress to be pressed . . . my hair needs fixing, and a million other things."

"I hope you haven't made any plans for this evening," Mr. O'Connor said. "The Porters are going to the Gotham Theater with your mother and me. Mr. Porter's the manager of a factory where I get most of my electrical supplies."

"That's super, Daddy," said Candy, "but I don't see . . ."

"I'm coming to that," Mr. O'Connor went on. "Mr. Porter is leaving his six-months-old son, Tommy, here this evening. I'm afraid you're elected to serve as baby-sitter while we're gone."

"Oh, no, Daddy," Candy protested. "Not tonight of all times. I can't miss the Spring Festival Ball!"

"Sorry, Kitten," Mr. O'Connor said with a note of finality in his voice, "but business comes first. Besides," he continued, "there will be plenty of other dances."

"This is THE event of the season," Candy said woefully. "Couldn't you and mother entertain the Porters here at home? Then," she pointed out hopefully, "you wouldn't need a baby-sitter."

"I'm afraid not," her father replied. "I already have the tickets. You'll have to change your plans this once, Candy, for me."

"Very well, Father," Candy said dutifully, "if you insist. But I'll probably be a social outcast; and that she-wolf Cornelia will have every dance with Ted."

"Tell you what," Mr. O'Connor said, relenting a bit, "if you can get some responsible friend to take your place you can go to the dance."

"I don't think that will help much," Candy said uncertainly. "Everyone I know will be going to the dance . . . but, hmm . . . it's worth a try. Maybe Ted knows of someone. . . ."

An hour or so later Candy related her troubles to Ted as they left the O'Connor home. "So

you see, Ted," she concluded sadly, "if I can't get a standin for tonight our date is off."

"Gosh," Ted said ruefully, rubbing his head, "that's a rough order, sugar. I can't think of anybody. Even Orville has a date tonight and he's usually the last resort. Climb in the heap," he invited, as he pried open the jalopy's door, "we'll see if any of the gang has an idea."

Candy and Ted maintained a thoughtful silence during the bouncing, rattling ride to the Soda Shop. After parking the car they made their way into the fountain where the majority of their friends were gathered about tables, talking and consuming mountains of syrupy concoctions.

"Lend an ear, characters," Ted greeted them. "We need 2 volunteer baby-sitters for Candy tonight."

"I'd be glad to sit with Candy any time," Bill Lovejoy said with a grin. "That's my idea of combining business with pleasure."

"Not *with* Candy, you dope," Ted corrected. "We need somebody to take Candy's place as a sitter so she can go to the dance."

"Sorry, Dawson," Bill said, "I have a date with Cornelia."

"And you better not try to break it, Bill Lovejoy," Cornelia warned, looking up from her sundae, "or you'll really be sorry."

Turning to Candy, who sat down beside her, Trish said, "I wish I could help, Candy, but I just don't know of a soul. Everyone is going to the dance."

"There must be someone who would stay with Tommy," Candy said in desperation. "I simply can't miss the dance."

"Why don't you try the Baby-sitter's Agency?" Trish suggested.

"With what's left of my allowance," Candy said, "I wouldn't be able to hire one for five minutes."

"Come on, Candy," Ted said, rising and starting for the door. "I can scrape enough dough together to pay for a sitter, if they have one."

Candy and Ted headed for the Agency, located in the center of town. It was a short walk to the building, then up a flight of wooden stairs. The two entered a large, bare-looking



## CANDY

room with benches along two walls and a counter extending from one wall to the other. An alert young man watched their approach with interest.

"We would like to hire a sitter for this evening," Candy said, as they reached the counter.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," the young man replied. "You have to make an appointment several days in advance. We have so many calls and so few sitters."

"Golly," Candy said, looking with wistful brown eyes at the young man, "if I can't get a sitter to take my place we won't be able to go to the Ball tonight at the Country Club. Can't you suggest something?"

"Er, not at the moment," the young man said, coloring slightly. "Your only possibility is if someone cancels his appointment. I'll be glad to see that you are first on my list."

"You're very kind," Candy said, lowering her gaze. "I just know you'll be able to find us a baby-sitter."

As they gained the street once more, Candy said to Ted, "Wasn't he nice?"

"Yeah," Ted said unenthusiastically, "too nice. I didn't like the personal interest he took in your problem. I don't think he had his mind on business."

They continued down the street, passing the Hartwick Costume Shop. Ted stopped and pointed toward the window. "It's too bad it isn't a costume ball," he said lightly. "Then you could rent that Indian squaw's outfit and strap little Tommy to your back like a papoose and take him to the dance."

"Don't be idiotic, Ted," Candy said with a frown. "That would mean I could only dance the slow numbers, so as not to wake him up."

While Ted and Candy started back to the car, Trish was holding council at the Soda Shop. "We can't let Candy down," she said seriously to the gathering. "We all know how much she wants to go to the dance. We simply must help her."

"I wish I could think of someone," Cuthbert said thoughtfully. "It seems that all of us put together could think of something."

"That's it," Trish said excitedly. "All of us can do something. We'll draw lots and each couple will spend an hour at Candy's house to act as baby-sitters. That way, none of us will miss more than an hour of the dance and still everyone will get to go."

It took little or no persuasion on Trish's part to get the rest of the crowd to accept her plan. "Good," Trish said finally. "I'll call Candy's

home so she will know about it. Then we can settle the times we are to be sitters."

When Candy reached home her mother met her at the door, saying, "We're ready to leave for Gotham City as soon as the Porters arrive, but I have good news for you: Trish called and said they have made arrangements to take turns at sitting with Tommy. I got a few things from the store and baked a cake so your friends will have refreshments while they are here."

"You're a darling, Mother," Candy said happily, throwing her arms about Mrs. O'Connor. "Now I'll have to hurry to get ready myself."

That evening Candy and Ted danced in silence to the uninspired music of the Country Club Orchestra. "It's funny," Ted said finally, "how much you look forward and plan for a dance and then it doesn't turn out to be any fun at all."

"I was thinking the same thing," Candy said. "We haven't seen any of our friends here in ages and it's almost eleven o'clock. We'll have to be going soon, to give Trish and Cuthbert time to get back for the last dance . . . let's go now."

When Candy and Ted reached the O'Connor house, all the downstairs lights were blazing brightly and sounds could be heard coming from within. "I hope there's nothing wrong with Tommy," Candy said worriedly. "I believe Trish would have called if there were."

Candy let herself into the living room and gasped. All their friends were there: some dancing to the radio; some on their way for more food, which was piled high on the dining room table; others sitting around and holding an animated conversation over the noise of the radio.

"Welcome home, Candy," Cuthbert called, as he saw her enter. "We all agreed the dance was dull, so instead of coming back after our turns at baby-sitting we decided to hold our own party here . . . some spread your mother fixed for us!"

"We were coming to get you," Trish explained, "but we knew you'd be along in a few minutes. Why not join your party?"

"This is more like it," Ted said to Candy, as they moved into the room. "These unplanned shindigs always turn out best . . . and it seems that when you needed a baby-sitter, pigeon, you really got results."

"I don't know whether it's a compliment to me or my mother's cooking," Candy said, with a puzzled smile.



BEING SOPHISTICATED  
COULD OPEN A NEW  
LIFE TO US, DADDY!

BUT I'M CLOSING  
THIS SUBJECT RIGHT  
NOW!

# CANDY



WASN'T THAT A WONDERFUL STORY,  
TRISH? IT SIMPLY REEKED WITH  
SOPHISTICATION!

GOSH, YES, CANDY!  
I WISH MY PARENTS  
WERE LIKE THAT!

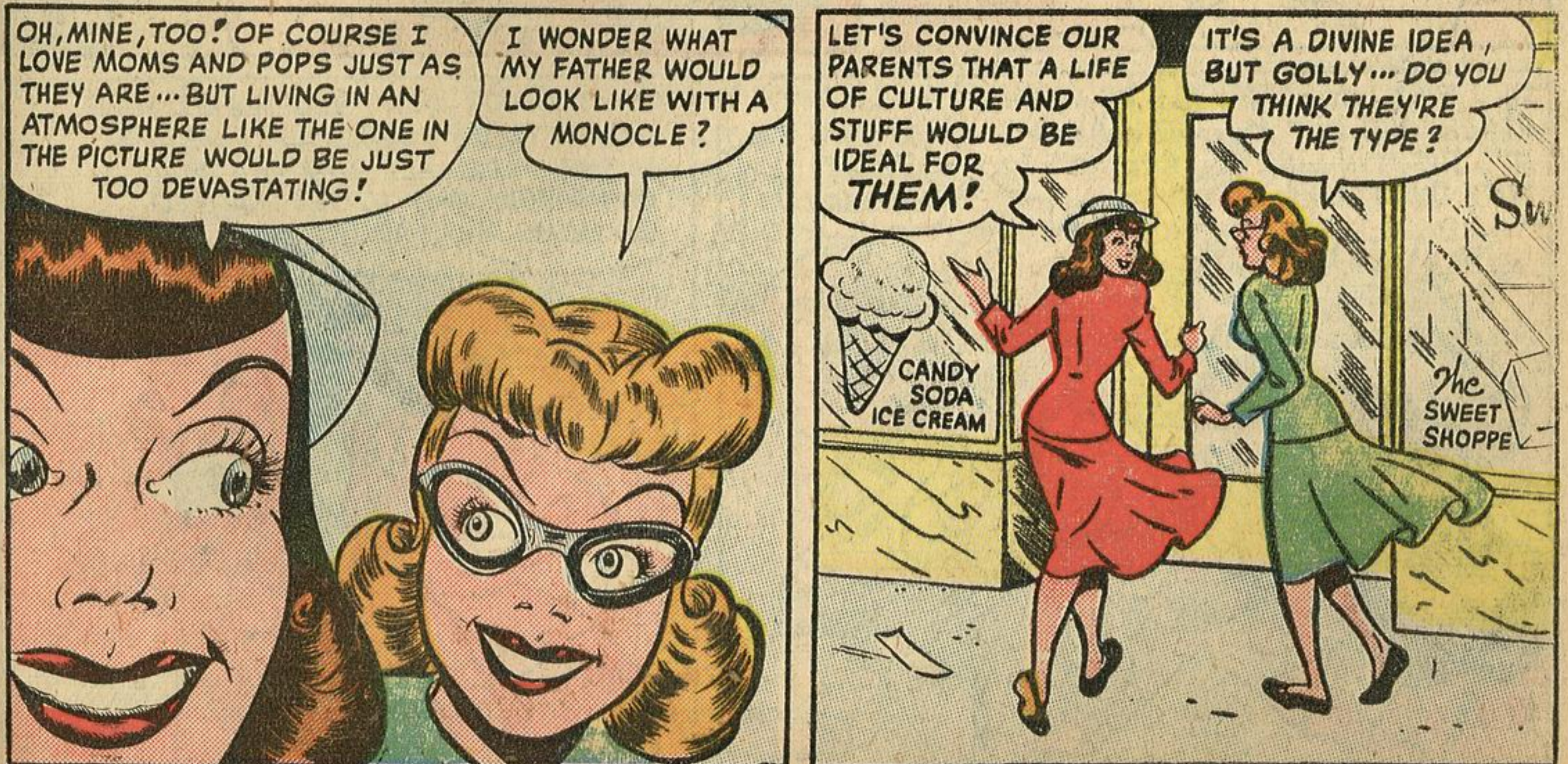


OH, MINE, TOO! OF COURSE I  
LOVE MOMS AND POPS JUST AS  
THEY ARE... BUT LIVING IN AN  
ATMOSPHERE LIKE THE ONE IN  
THE PICTURE WOULD BE JUST  
TOO DEVASTATING!

I WONDER WHAT  
MY FATHER WOULD  
LOOK LIKE WITH A  
MONOCLE?

LET'S CONVINCE OUR  
PARENTS THAT A LIFE  
OF CULTURE AND  
STUFF WOULD BE  
IDEAL FOR  
THEM!

IT'S A DIVINE IDEA,  
BUT GOLLY... DO YOU  
THINK THEY'RE  
THE TYPE?











ALL RIGHT! YOU PHONE THE MENUS TO ME, MEAL BY MEAL! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THEM TO DRESS FOR DINNER!

GLEEPS! THAT WILL BE A PROBLEM! BUT... WELL, OUR MOTHERS OUGHT TO ENJOY WEARING EVENING GOWNS EVERY NIGHT!



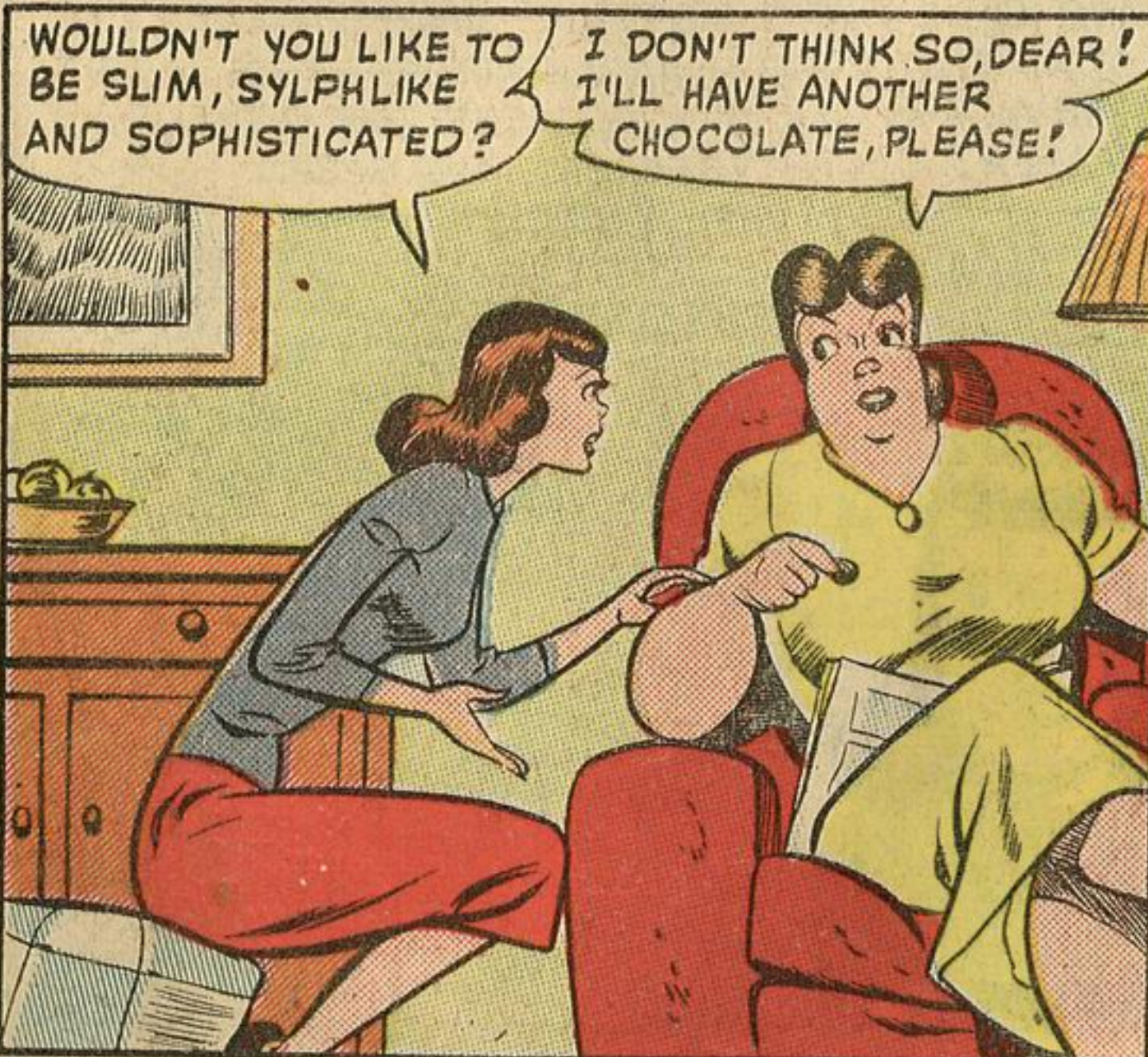
Soon... MOMS, ARE YOU HOME?

IN THE LIVING ROOM, DEAR! WHY ALL THE NOISE?



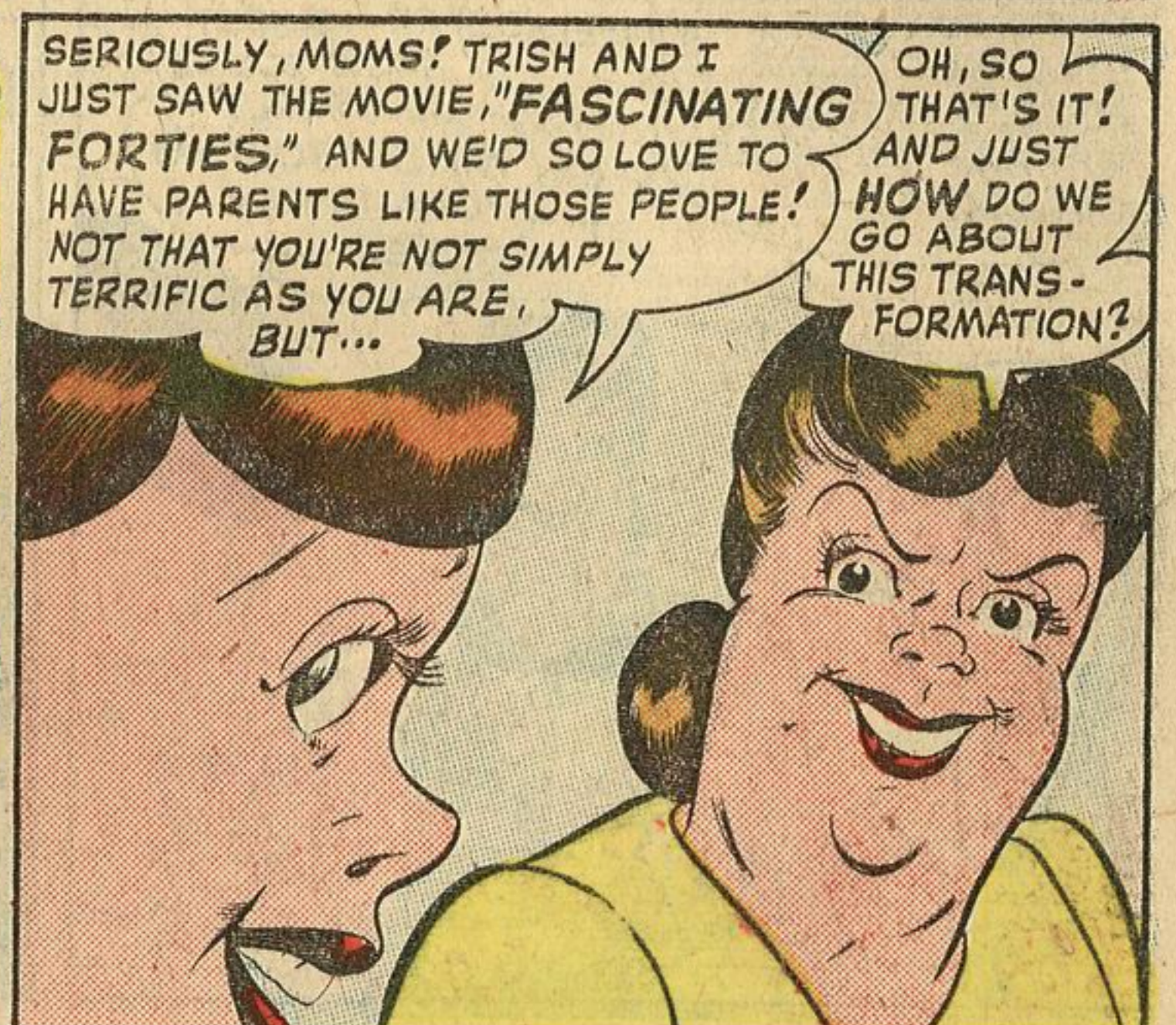
MOMS, I HAVE THE MOST ULTRA IDEA... MOTHER! WHAT ARE YOU EATING?

JUST CHOCOLATES, DEAR! NOW WHAT IS THIS ULTRA IDEA?



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE SLIM, SYLPHLIKE AND SOPHISTICATED?

I DON'T THINK SO, DEAR! I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHOCOLATE, PLEASE!



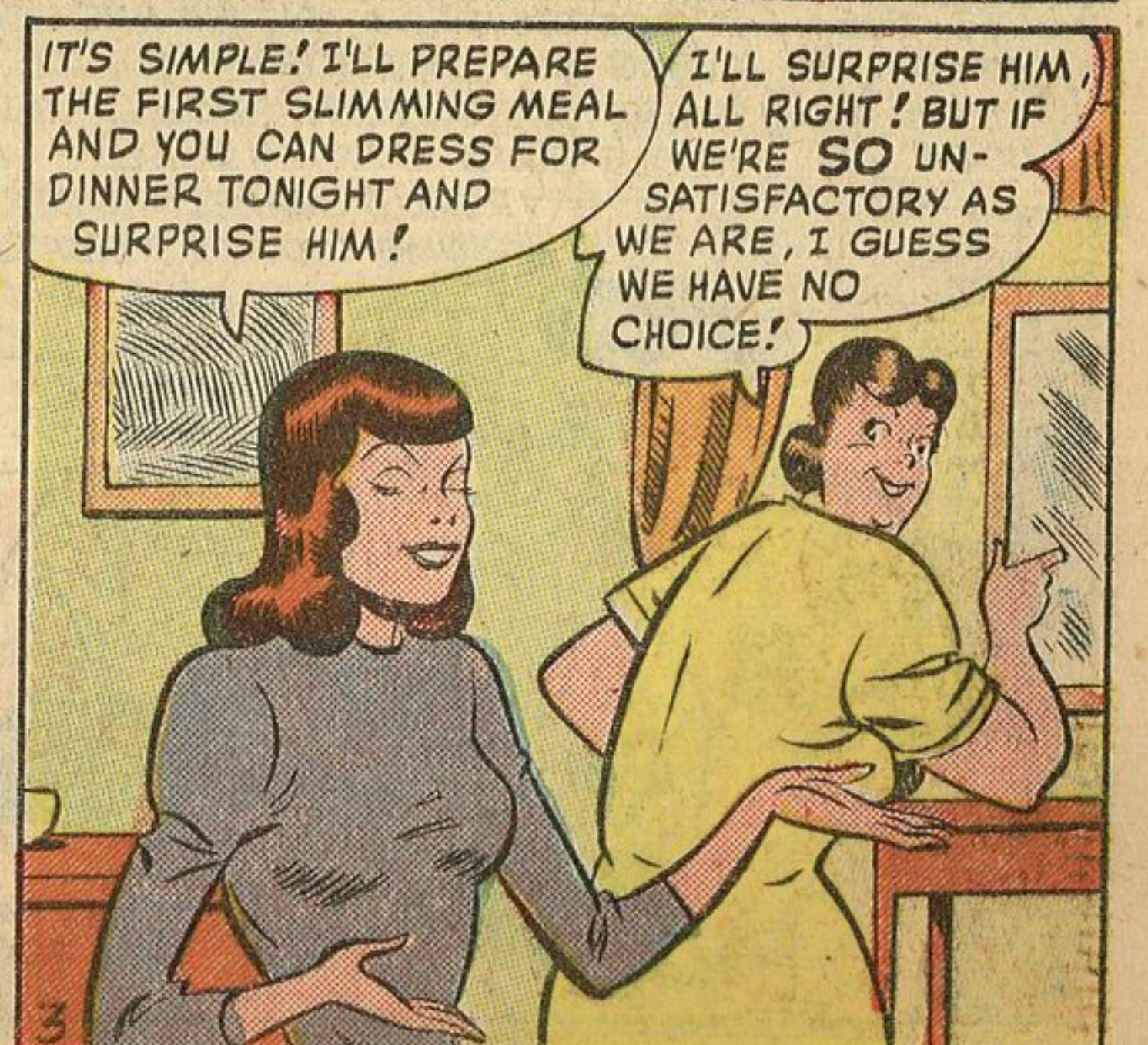
SERIOUSLY, MOMS! TRISH AND I JUST SAW THE MOVIE, "FASCINATING FORTIES," AND WE'D SO LOVE TO HAVE PARENTS LIKE THOSE PEOPLE! NOT THAT YOU'RE NOT SIMPLY TERRIFIC AS YOU ARE, BUT...

OH, SO THAT'S IT! AND JUST HOW DO WE GO ABOUT THIS TRANSFORMATION?



WE HAVE A TERRIFIC DIET, PLUS EXERCISE, DRESSING FOR DINNER, READING CLASSICS AND...

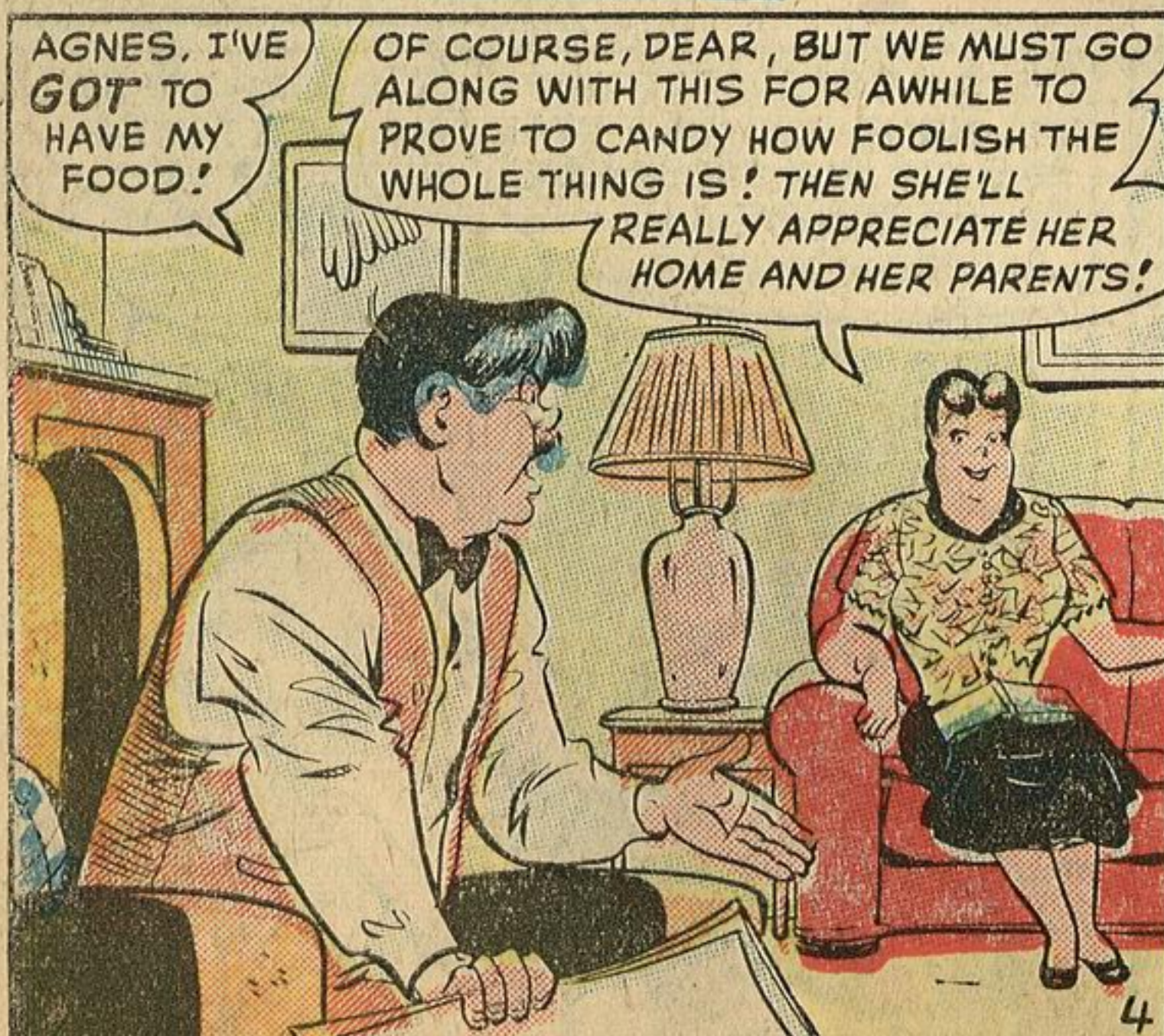
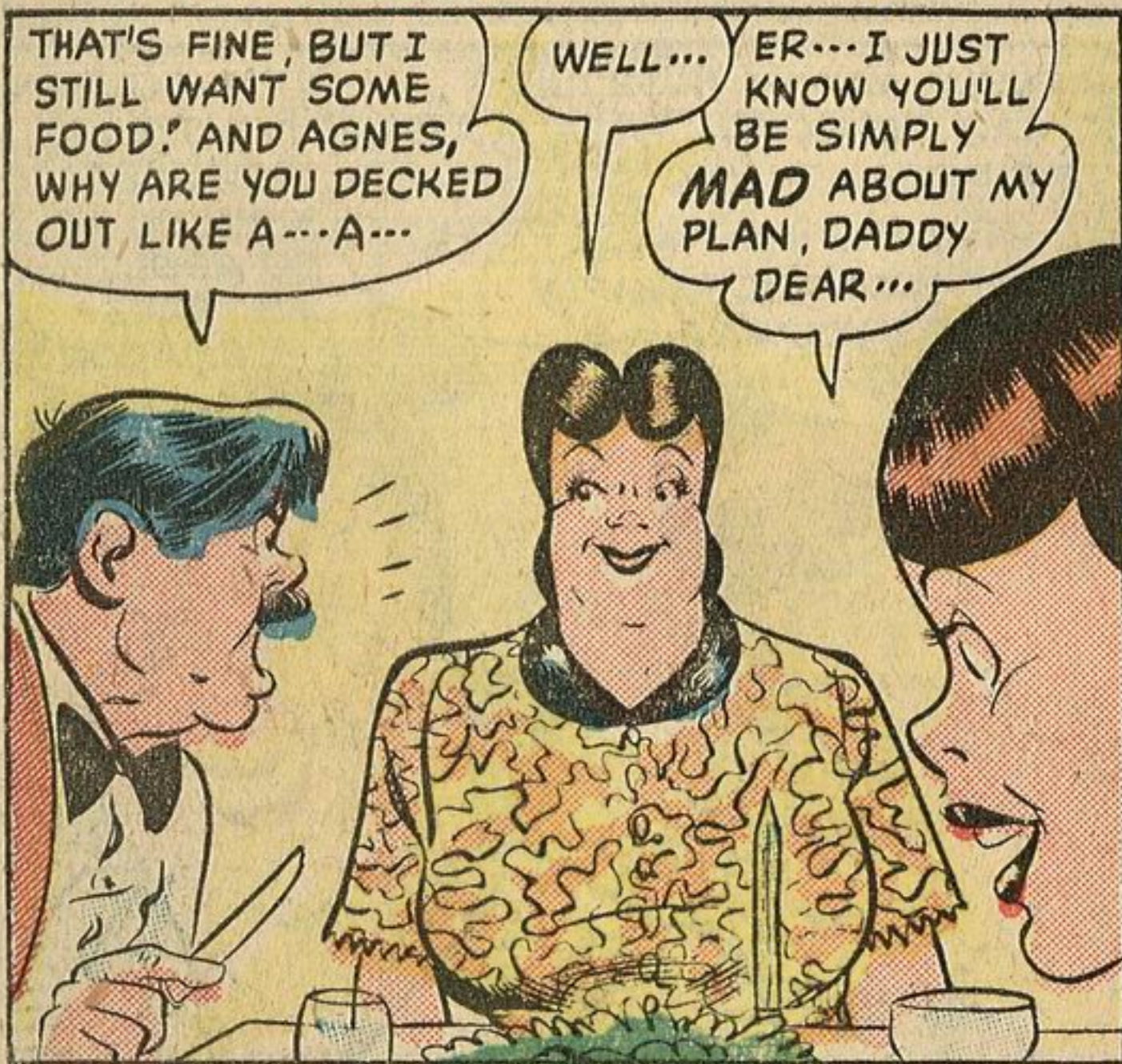
CANDACE, DO SLOW DOWN! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EXPECT TO TALK YOUR FATHER INTO THIS!



IT'S SIMPLE! I'LL PREPARE THE FIRST SLIMMING MEAL AND YOU CAN DRESS FOR DINNER TONIGHT AND SURPRISE HIM!

I'LL SURPRISE HIM, ALL RIGHT! BUT IF WE'RE SO UN-SATISFACTORY AS WE ARE, I GUESS WE HAVE NO CHOICE!







Meanwhile...  
TRISH, I THINK IT'S WORKING! MOMS DRESSED FOR DINNER AND DADDY ATE EVERY LAST SHRED OF THE SALAD! OF COURSE, THEY BOTH LOOKED A LITTLE HUNGRY AFTERWARDS!



MY FATHER WAS FURIOUS! BUT HE AGREED TO GO HORSEBACK RIDING TOMORROW! ISN'T THAT TOO THRILLING?



IT'S ATOMIC! I'LL SEE IF I CAN SUGGEST THE SAME TO DADDY... ER, PATER!

WOULDN'T YOU JUST LOVE TO GO HORSEBACK RIDING TOMORROW? TRISH'S FATHER IS, AND...



WHAT? I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A NAG IN TWENTY YEARS AND I DON'T INTEND TO GET ON ONE AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW TRISH'S FATHER BUT HE MUST BE AN IDIOT TO LET HIS DAUGHTER TELL HIM WHAT TO DO!



WHY, TIM, YOU USED TO BE A WONDERFUL HORSEMAN!



I WAS? ER... I GUESS I WAS AT THAT!



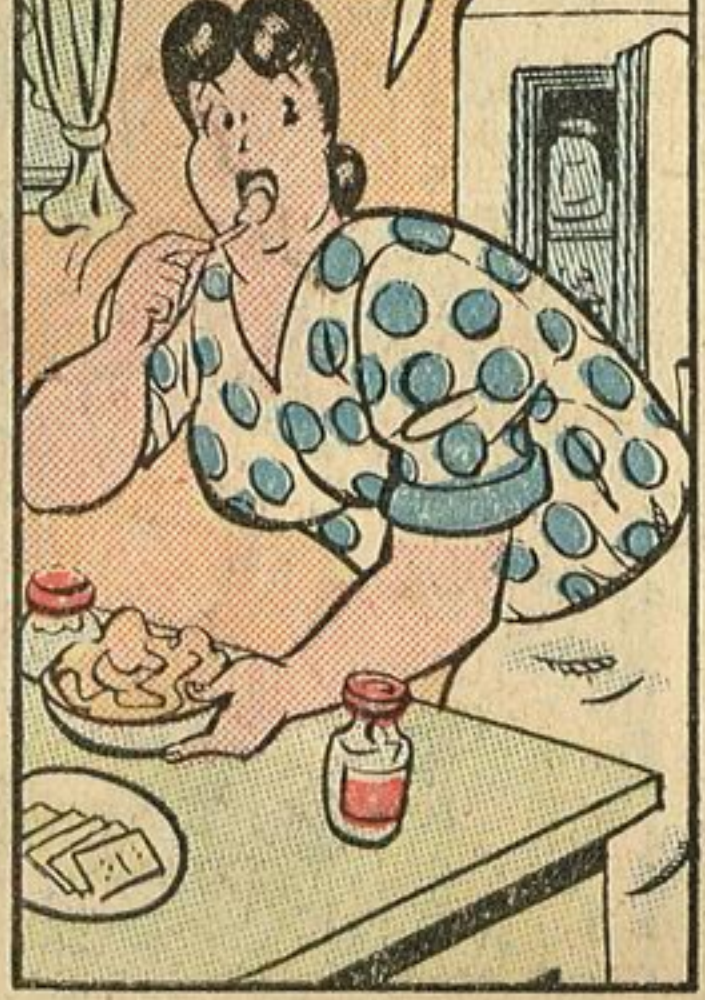
HOW SIMPLY SUPER, DA...ER, PATER! MOMS CAN DO SOME REDUCING EXERCISES HERE AT HOME AND I'LL GO WITH YOU!



Next day...  
HAVE TO KEEP UP MY STRENGTH IF I'M GOING RIDING TODAY!



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY "SLIMMING" BUT I JUST WON'T TELL TIM AND CANDY ABOUT IT!



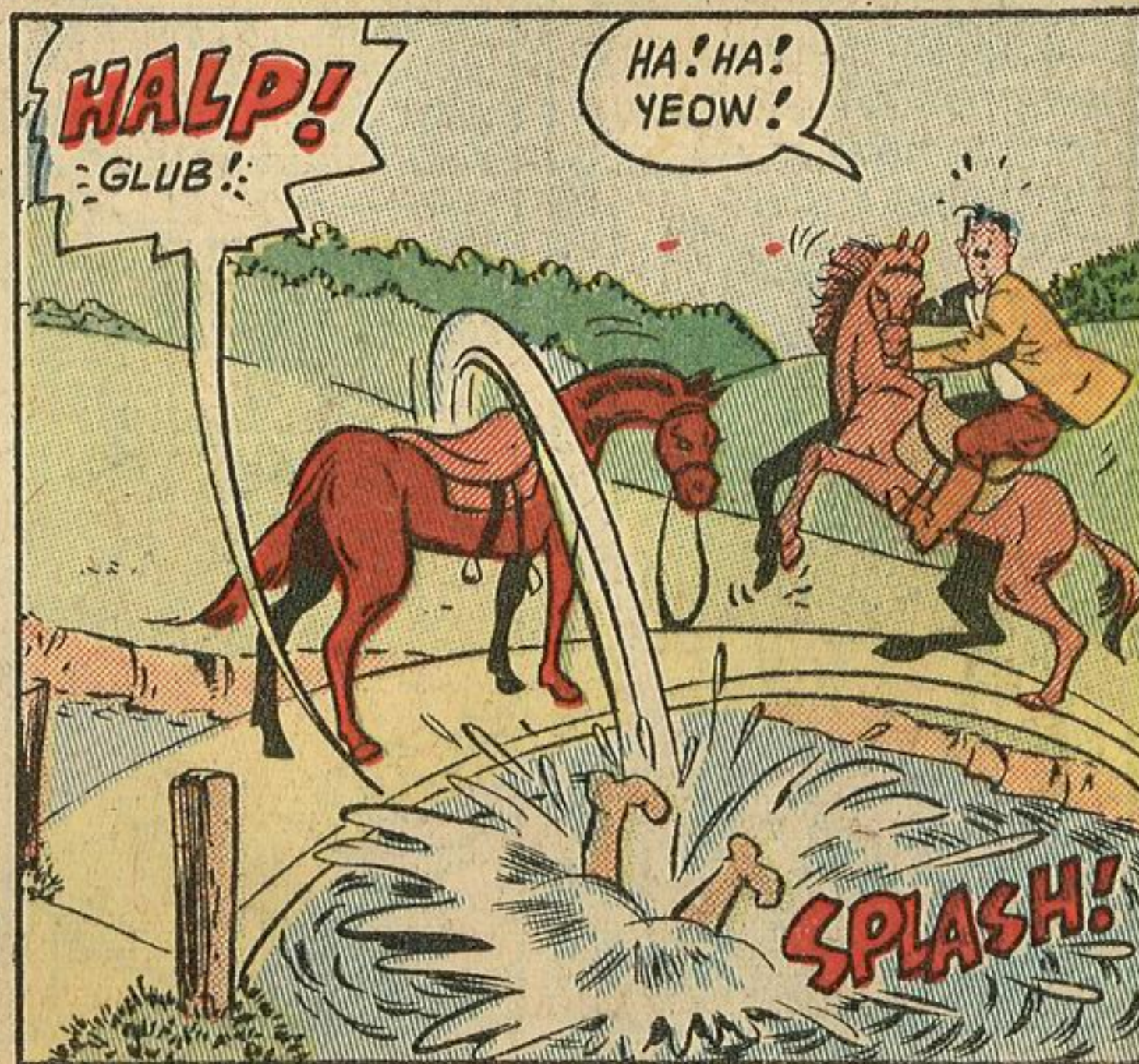
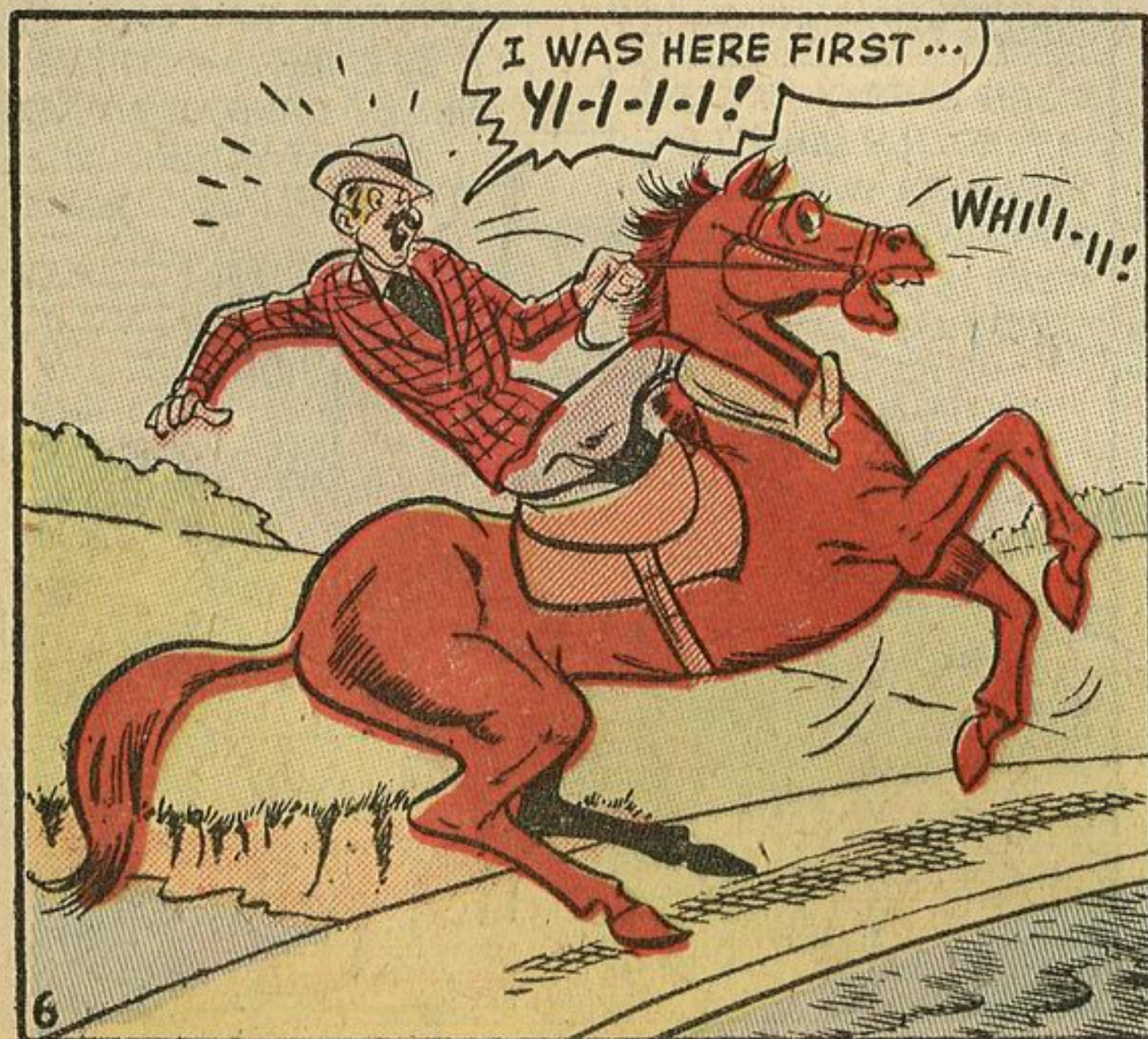
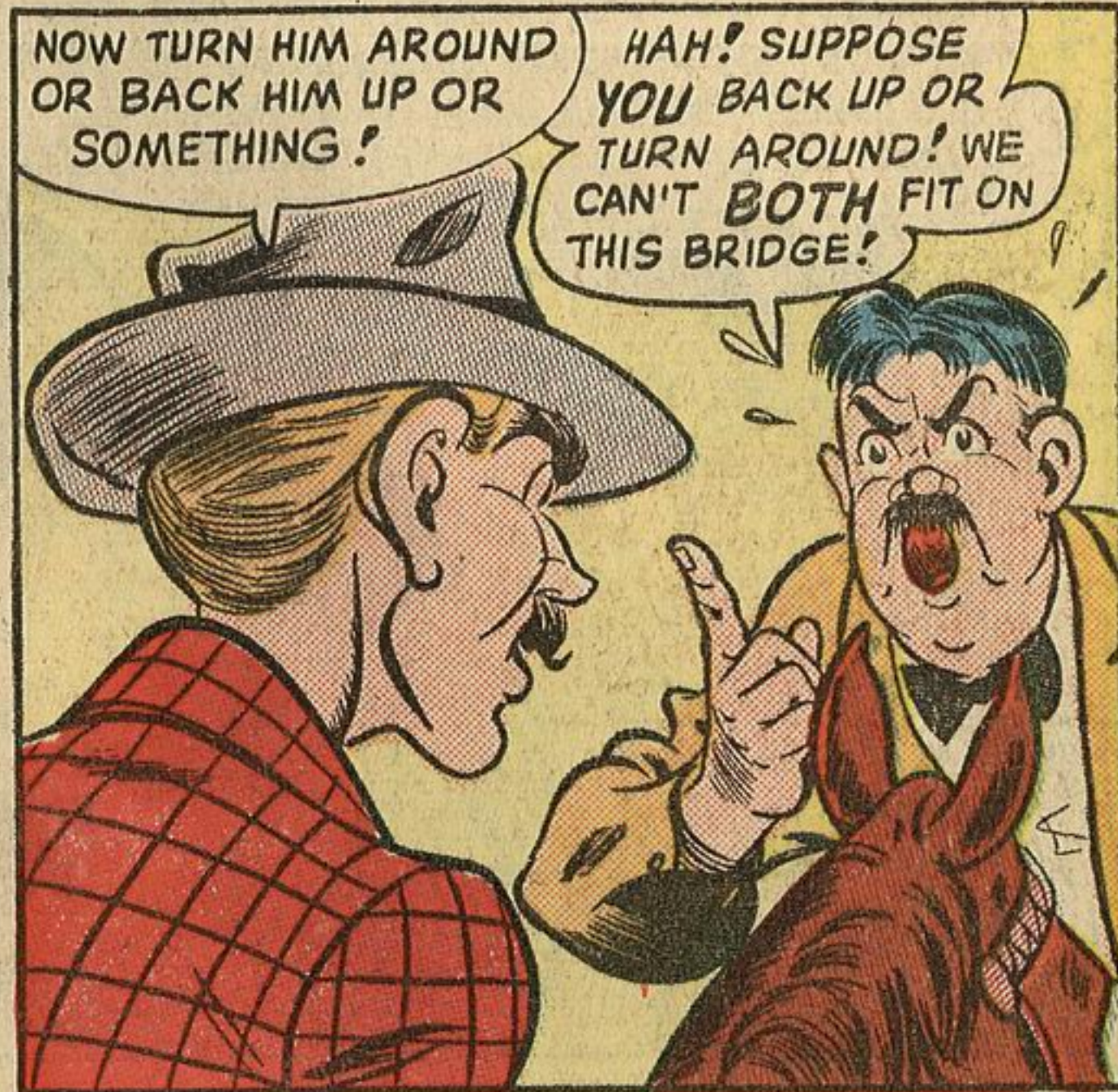
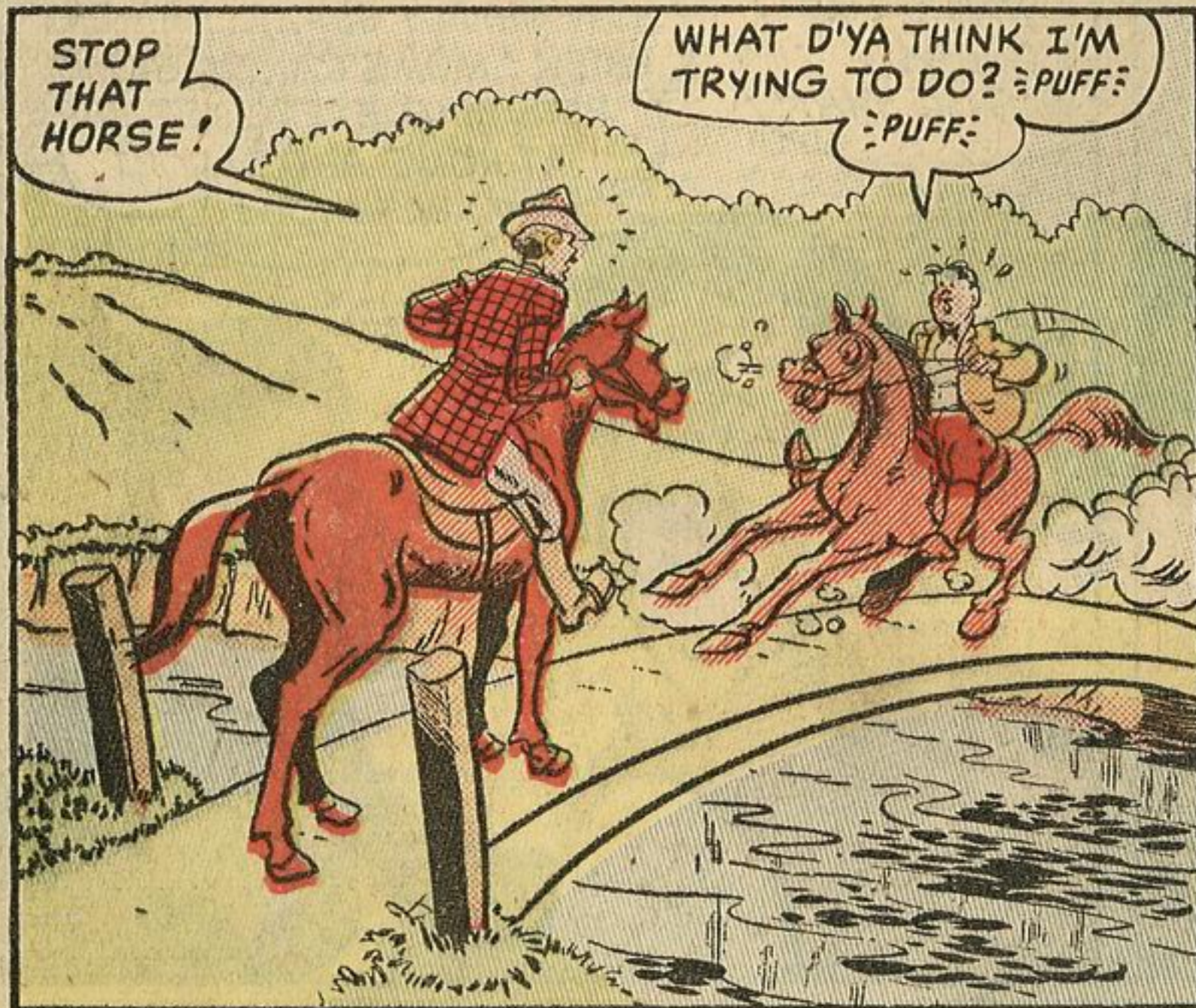
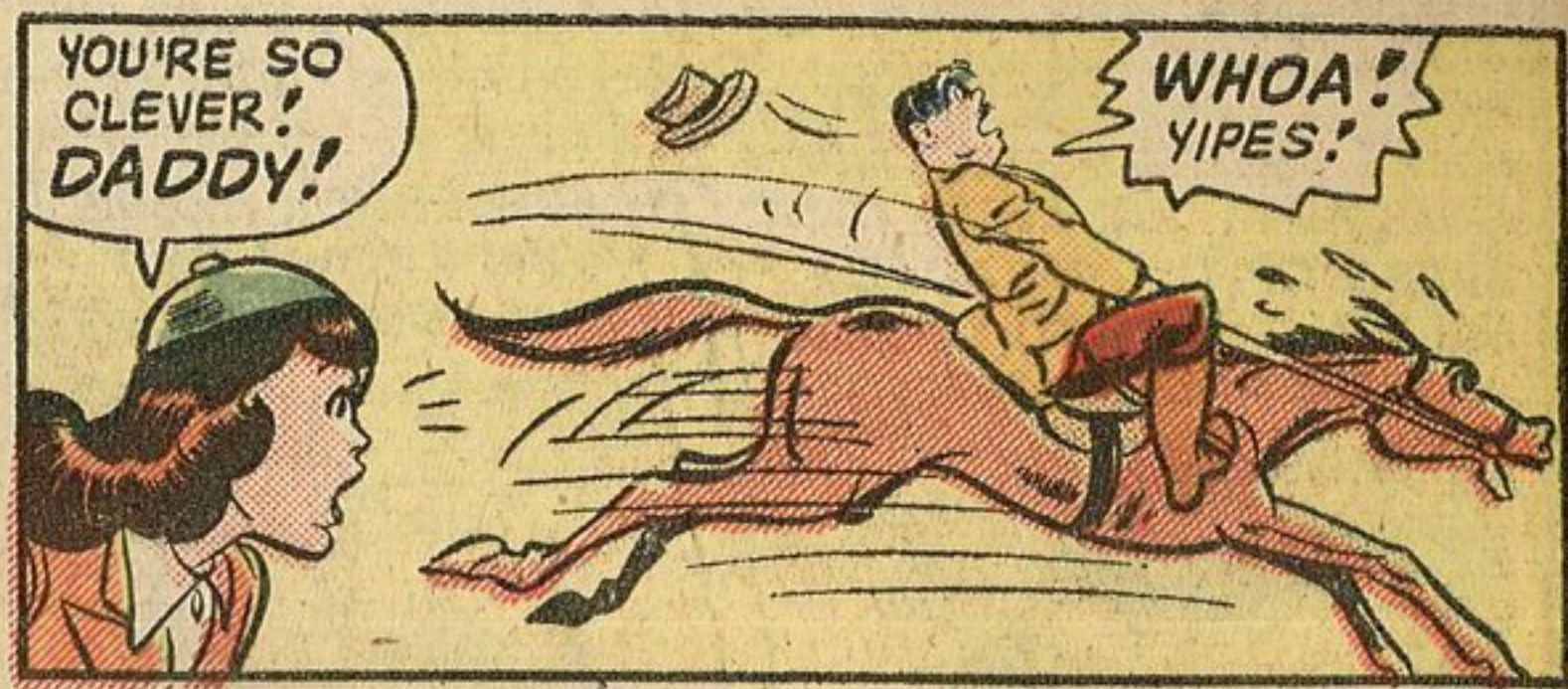
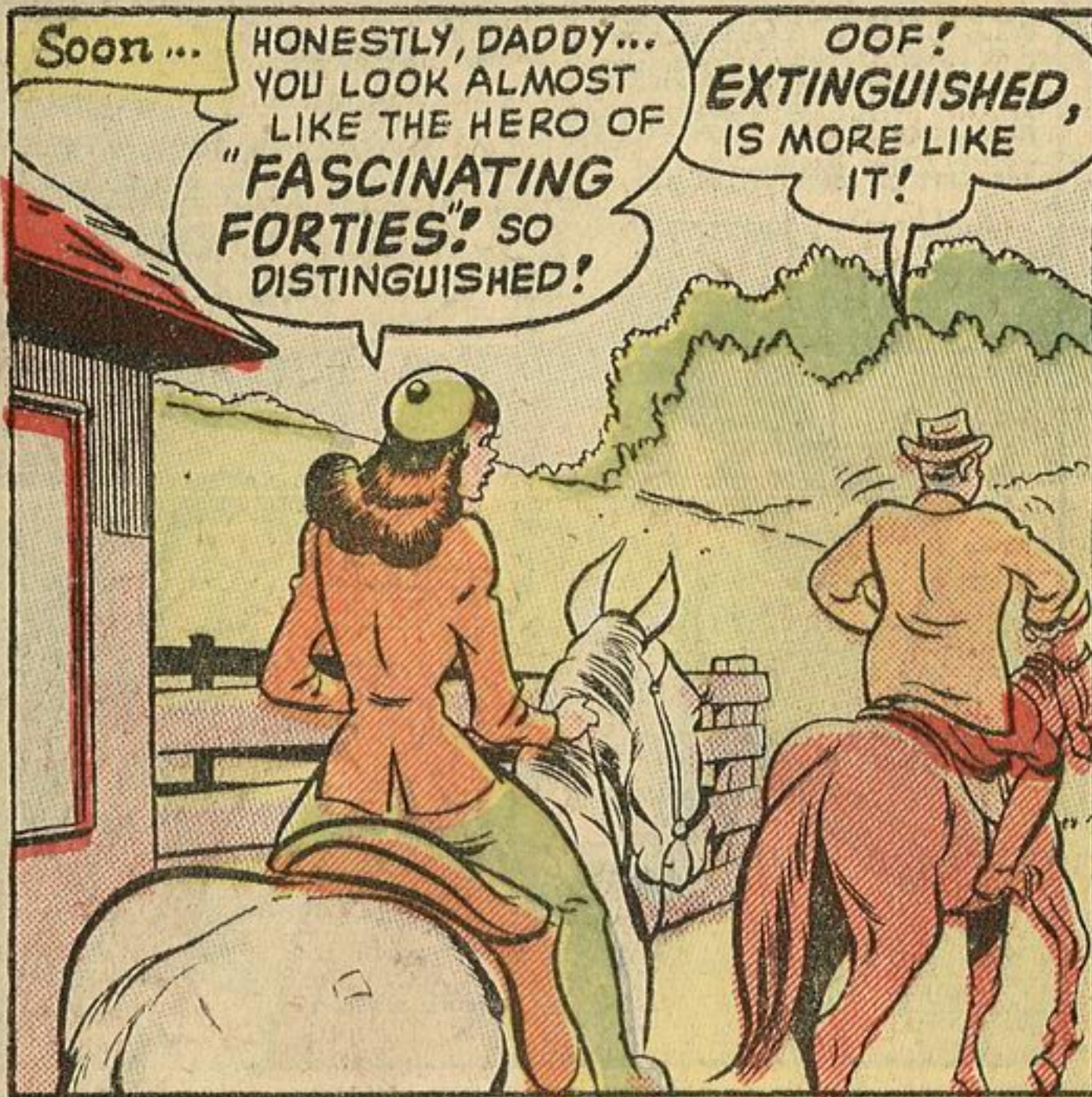
That afternoon...  
I CAN HARDLY BREATHE IN THIS OLD OUTFIT! BESIDES, I WAS ONLY A KID WHEN I WENT IN FOR RIDING!



KEEP CALM, TIM! IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A LITTLE WHILE! CANDY'S BOUND TO GET BORED WITH HER PLAN!

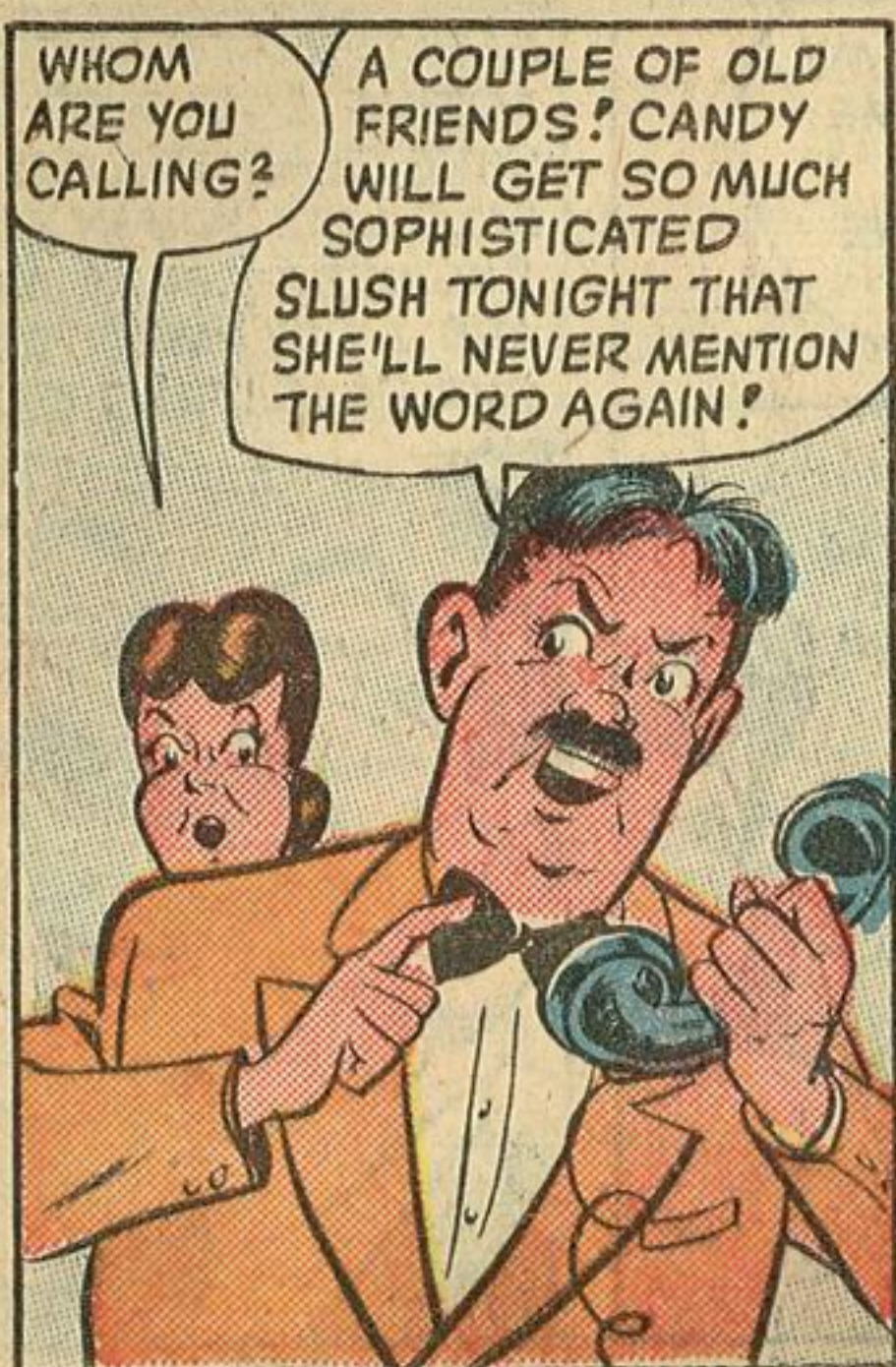








CANDY





SET TWO MORE PLACES AT THE TABLE, CANDY! YOUR FATHER HAS INVITED SOME VERY INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS TO DINE WITH US THIS EVENING!

HOW SUPER! WE'LL HAVE A REAL DINNER PARTY! TRISH IS HERE, TOO!

I SAY, TIMOTHY, IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! THESE SIMPLE SURROUNDINGS ARE SO REFRESHING! I GET BORED WITH DABBLING IN STOCKS! MONEY MATTERS ARE SO DULL, Y'KNOW!

! ?

WELL, CHAUNCEY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AND HETTA AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! HOW IS LIFE TREATING YOU THESE DAYS?

OH, IT'S QUITE HUMDRUM, REALLY! JUST A ROUND OF SOCIAL TEAS AND FORMAL DINNERS! I'M SIMPLY CHAHMED TO BE IN THIS QUAINT LITTLE TOWN WITH YOU QUAINT... ER, SMALL-TOWN FOLK!

!

M-MAY WE BE EXCUSED, PLEASE? WE HAVE SORT OF AN APPOINTMENT!

OF COURSE, GIRLS!

MY, WHAT PERFECTLY CHAHMING CHILDREN!

A short time later...

HMMPH! THOSE FRIENDS OF DADDY'S ARE CERTAINLY A PAIR OF HORRORS! IF THAT'S SOPHISTICATION, I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T GET ANY FURTHER WITH OUR PLAN!

WHAT STUFFY CONVERSATION, TOO! PHOOEY!

SOUNDS PRETTY GRIM!

I HOPE THEY LEAVE SOON SO I CAN GO HOME AND TELL MOMS AND DAD HOW UTTERLY WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE THEM JUST AS THEY ARE!

I--I HOPE MY FOLKS COME BACK SO I CAN SAY THE SAME!

HA! HA! THAT WAS THE BEST ACTING I'VE EVER SEEN! I'M SURE GLAD I'VE GOT SOME OLD PALS LIKE YOU IN THE ACTING BUSINESS, BILL! MR. TRAYNOR AND I DREAMED THIS UP TO KEEP OUR DAUGHTERS ON AN EVEN KEEL!

MR. TRAYNOR'S LEFT TOWN TO GIVE US A CLEAR FIELD!

WE NEVER ENJOYED A PERFORMANCE MORE, TIM! WHAT AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE! HAW! HAW!



Amazing

**NEW** Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Rush 1 Mickey Mouse Weather House and sun dial wrist watch.<br>On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage. |  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D.  | <input type="checkbox"/> I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid. |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$2.69   | <input type="checkbox"/> 6 for \$8.00                      | <input type="checkbox"/> 12 for \$15.00 |

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# "U.S." ROYAL

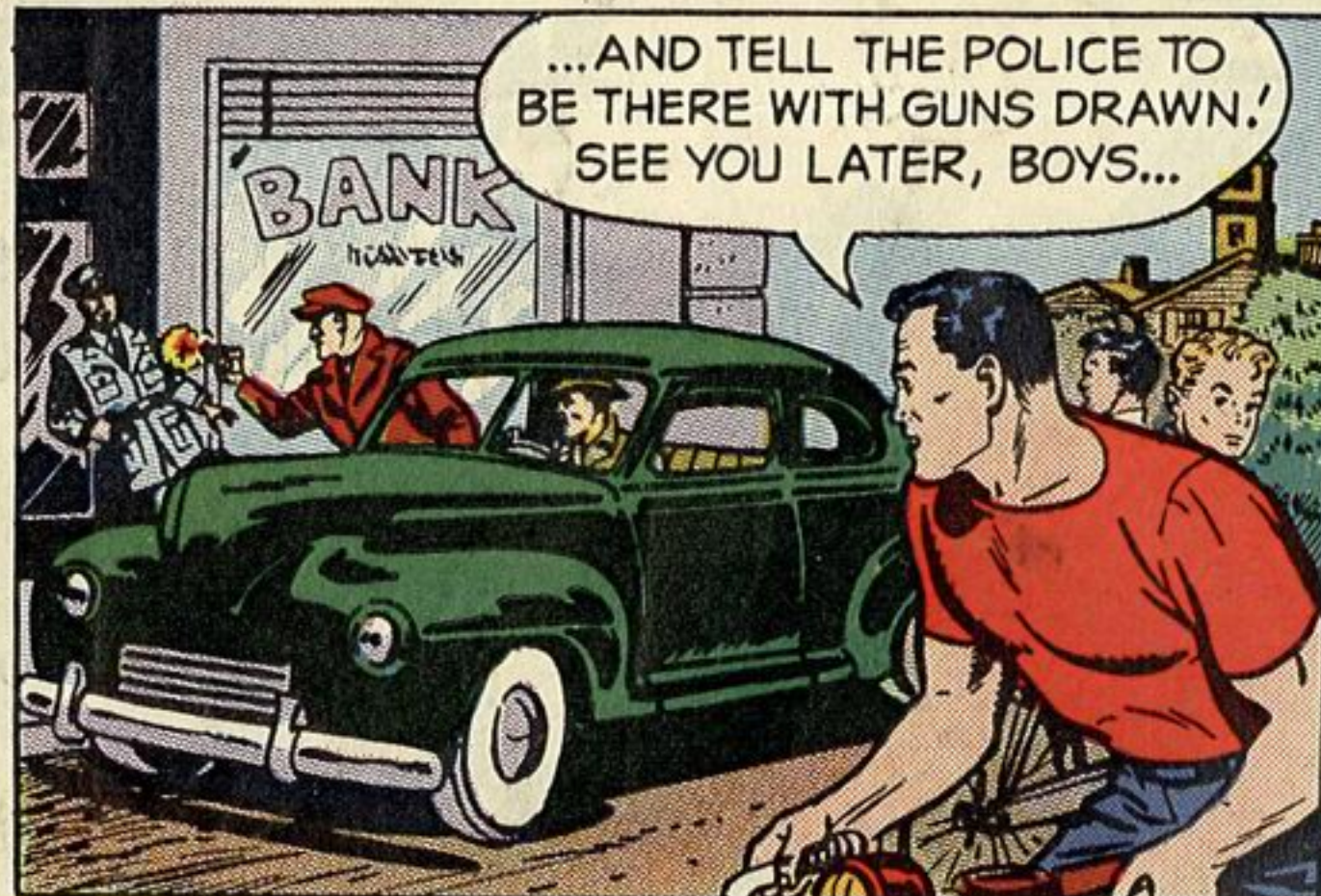
WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BAMBOOZLING THE  
BANK ROBBERS**



**W**HEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN! SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN... NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGH-WAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE-- RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK--INTO OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES GAVE US PLENTY OF SPEED WITH SAFETY. RIGHT, FELLAS? AND, SAY, SPEAKING OF SURPRISES--I'VE GOT A REAL ONE WAITING FOR YOU...

LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING?! LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!

AFTER ME, TOM...



GET YOUR COPY OF  
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE  
DEALER'S TODAY.  
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE...CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



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BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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Serving Through Science